

COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AND HER DAUGHTER.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Duchess of Norfolk and Her Daughter...	721, 722
Purchase or Tenancy?	722
Country Notes	723
The Country at Whitsuntide. (Illustrated)	725
The Dog	729
Old Walsden Ironwork at Warnham Court. (Illustrated)	730
The Salmon and Fresh-water Fisheries Bill	732
The Gull-pond and its Tenants. (Illustrated)	733
in the Garden. (Illustrated)	734
Decorative Possibilities of the Bracken. (Illustrated)	735
Country Home: Apley Park. (Illustrated)	738
The Leicester Hospital at Warwick. (Illustrated)	744
From the Farms. (Illustrated)	749
A Book of the Week...	750
Shooting	751
On the Green. (Illustrated)	752
Wild Country Life	754
Correspondence	755

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PURCHASE OR TENANCY?

NO apology is needed for a return to this subject. It is no secret that the burning question in regard to the Government Bill dealing with small holdings is whether the new occupiers shall be tenants or proprietors. This matter is probably at the moment being urgently discussed by members of the Cabinet, and at any rate it is occupying the attention of those who have the meditated change at heart. Mr. Jesse Collings, whose life-long advocacy entitles his opinion to the utmost respect, is altogether in favour of the establishment of small proprietorships. On the other hand, Lord Carrington, who has had more practical experience in the matter, has found a system of tenancy to answer best, and, therefore, may fairly be expected to favour proposals for the hire of land. The main objection to the proposal made by Mr. Jesse Collings is that it is, practically speaking, a reversion to a system that failed. In every county in England there were, up to the beginning of the present century, thousands of small proprietorships; but their history is a sad one. They got into debt, they neglected the cultivation of their fields and the repair of their buildings, so that eventually they were obliged to offer their small properties for sale. It is sometimes asserted that the great landlords engulfed these smaller fry; but the statement will not bear investigation. On the contrary, many were extremely reluctant to add to their purchase and only entertained the idea of a purchase when a sale became a necessity, and the alternative lay between their buying and the land passing into the hands of strangers.

Small ownership did not succeed in Great Britain in the past. Is there any reason for believing it will do so in the future? We are afraid not. The same causes that operated towards the extinction of the yeomen are still in force to-day, and would, in all probability, bring about a similar result. In the second place, the question of purchase, it is needless to say, involves the idea of borrowing. Those who are in favour of it point to Ireland and say that the country which has laid out some £120,000,000 in order to enable the Irish tenants to purchase their holdings, ought to do the same in Great Britain. But the assumption that the State is at all times ready to lend money for this purpose is one on which the ratepayer may have something to say. There is too great a tendency to treat the State as though it were a huge abstraction or rather a rich uncle with a pocket impossible to empty. Yet when the ratepayer comes to consider the matter he may look at it in a very different light. In the end, the money must come out of his pocket, and the assumption that he gave it cheerfully in the case of Ireland is not altogether warranted. As a matter of fact, those who considered the matter carefully were of opinion that the ratepayer was not enraptured at being called upon to make this sacrifice. If it were determined to lend money wholesale in Great Britain for the establishment of small holdings, the householder might very well ask why he was once more to be made a victim. The fact that many people want land has nothing to do with the case. There are many thousands of men who would be very glad to be established in grocers' shops or in similar positions where they would have an opportunity of earning a livelihood; but it would require a good deal of logic to persuade the taxpayer that he is called upon to provide the funds for this purpose. However, the idea seems to be abroad, in fact, it has been definitely expressed by Mr. Jesse Collings among others, that all that is required is to put the labourer on the land and give him an interest in it. The plan of lending money for the purchase of small holdings is based on the idea that even the impecunious labourer if started in this way would be on the royal road to what he considers fortune. Those who bring forward the alternative proposal assert with a good deal of reason that this is not the case. As a matter of fact, only a very small proportion indeed of farm labourers are capable of producing a livelihood out of a few acres of ground. The feat requires other things than those which most of them have to bring, that is to say, muscles and the will to work.

As much depends upon skill in choosing what crops to grow, upon marketing and upon general economy and frugality as upon mere muscle. Before placing a labourer on the land with any hope that he will succeed, it is necessary to have some guarantee of his fitness, and this guarantee is best supplied by the fact that he has already shown some skill in the business. In these days nearly every labourer has an allotment, and therewith the chance of saving a little capital. It is mere sentiment to assert that a man with only a pair of arms at his disposal can do well on the land. Whatever his cleverness, his ability, his frugality, it is certain that before he can hope to obtain any return from the soil he must lay out money in various directions. It is necessary that he should possess the implements needed for cultivation. Unless the land is manured it will give no return commensurate with the outlay upon it. Even seed has to be bought, and if the small holder hopes to make anything out of stock, he must first lay out money on its purchase. Thus it is very little use to put a man on the soil unless he has already given earnest of his capability to cultivate it, and the experience of those who have had to do with small holdings justifies this opinion to the hilt. The failures have invariably occurred among the unexperienced, and the successes have had to be credited to those who have had previous experience in the management of land. It was only by choosing men who had done well beforehand on an allotment that the Small Holdings Association, which works under Lord Carrington, was able to avoid failure. The same thing holds good all over the country. Thus the practical side of the question is all in favour of tenancy, and, on the other hand, it has to be borne in mind that those who advocate ownership are really wishing to establish universal indebtedness. The ownership would not be a real ownership until the purchase-money was paid, and it would take the best part of a lifetime to achieve that very desirable end.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Duchess of Norfolk, with her daughter. The Duchess herself is a daughter of Lord Herries, and her marriage to the Duke of Norfolk took place in 1904.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE chief claim of Whitsuntide this year to attention lay in its excessive lowness of temperature. We notice that some of the newspapers which make a point of comparing statistics find that it was the coldest Whitsuntide we have had for the last ten years. In London not only did people shiver, but also rain fell during a part of the day. In the country motorists were clothed as if it were midwinter, and even the cyclist forbore the wearing of his spring clothes. Those who assembled to see the various cricket matches that were arranged for Whit-Monday in some cases had the prudence to bring with them heavy rugs, and even they complained that they were half frozen. All this was the more to be lamented, because there never was a Whitsuntide in which the landscape looked more exquisite. All the spring flowers were in bloom, and the weather otherwise than in regard to temperature was exactly that which makes country life enjoyable; that is to say, it was not sufficiently dry for the dust from the innumerable motors to be unendurable, and it was not so moist as to hinder the wayfarer from venturing forth.

Perhaps the untimely weather had the not undesirable effect of stimulating a certain amount of discussion about the movable feasts of Whitsuntide and Easter. There was, no doubt, a very good reason for this arrangement at the time when the "golden number" was invented; but its usefulness long has vanished, and in plain language a movable feast is not suitable to modern requirements. The inconvenience is probably most felt in schools and colleges. For the convenience alike of masters, parents and children it is desirable that school terms should be of as even a length as is possible, and an early Easter produces nothing but confusion. At many schools this year the usual Easter holidays were curtailed, and another holiday given later. We do not know that there can be any insuperable objection on the part of the Church to effecting a reform. There is no reason in the nature of things why Easter should not be held on a fixed date just as Christmas is. If this were done, so as to ensure that Whitsuntide fell in the first week of June, the change would be a very welcome one to the country. All the other holidays occur at definite dates, and it can only be a matter of time before Easter is made to fit into the general scheme.

Sir Henry Poland has written a letter to *The Times* on the Criminal Appeal Bill which deserves the most careful consideration. No doubt it is to a large extent addressed to lawyers and legislators, but this proposed measure has an interest lying far outside of these circles. Everybody who has given the matter thought has long ago come to the conclusion that the present system of practically ordering a new trial by the Home Office is extremely unsatisfactory. We need but refer to a recent very notorious case in which the Home Secretary relieved a convicted murderer for reasons that never were made public at all. A Court of Criminal Appeal should relieve the Home Office from responsibility such as this. Sir Henry Poland, to go further, points out that the passing of the measure would involve a great deal of extra labour. In 1905 petitions were sent in by prisoners complaining that they had been wrongfully convicted in 674 cases, and in 850 cases complaining that the sentences were too severe. Sir Henry Poland, therefore, is well justified in saying that the passing of the Bill might lead to a block of business. There is nothing in his letter which is not most thoughtful and suggestive, but the public, we believe, will fasten upon the point indicated.

English journalists at present are having a very good time. A few years ago the project was mooted of bringing the newspaper men of Europe, and, indeed, of the whole world, into closer communication, and the result was that parties were organised in which the journalists of one country met those of another. We all remember the visit of our German contemporaries to this country last year. At present a party of English journalists is enjoying the hospitality of Denmark, and in a very short time another representative party is going to Germany. How far this intercourse will modify the animosities and prejudices of the various countries it is difficult at present to determine. Some of our German friends are complaining rather bitterly that in spite of the admirable relations that seemed to have been established between the Press of Great Britain and that of Germany last year, our leading newspapers took a line that was not over-friendly to German interests at the last election. Too much importance, however, need not be attached to complaints of this kind. The seed sown by international communication takes some time to grow, and it would have been very astonishing indeed if the visit of a certain number of leading German journalists to this country last year had had the effect of altering the tone of our comments upon the elections that took place in the spring. The Germans do not yet understand that we carry freedom of comment in this country to the point of licence.

SONG.

May's our little débutante,
May has lilac in her hair,
Heart of laughter in her eyes,
Brimming over there.
Light of foot, she trips her way,
Light of foot to find her king,
And his courts are decked to-day
For her welcoming.
Little April, running free,
Here are ponds and pearls of dew,
Bend your pretty eyes, and see,
See what has become of you.
Flying tresses neatly coiled,
Bend your pretty eyes, and see,
Satin shoes to keep unsoiled,
What a lot of finery!
Gaze into the mirror, where
Shines your rosy face, and own
Brother March, though comrade rare,
Might not hold you from your throne,
Might not hold—nay, what is this?
Stoops a prince, with ardent eyes,
Bends above your waking soul,
Takes it by surprise.
May, she is the bride to be,
May, she is the queen to come,
Fling the purple, bend the knee,
Play her in with pipe and drum.
See her busy subjects stir,
May, she is the coming queen,
We must plait a crown for her,
Gold and olive-green.

H. H. BASHFORD.

In the obituary of the week the most distinguished name is that of Sir Benjamin Baker, one of the greatest and most accomplished engineers of our time. It is scarcely necessary to recall his many illustrious achievements. Among other things, he was the engineer of the Forth Bridge. No doubt in his construction of that he had before him an awful warning in the fate that before its commencement had befallen the bridge over the Tay, but the work was splendidly done. The second of his achievements in point of importance was the noted construction of the Assouan dam across the Nile. He was the consulting engineer, and Lord Cromer paid him a well-deserved compliment on what he did there. He was also concerned in a great many of the other engineering feats of his time, and it is a distinct loss to the country that he should have died at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven. Sir Benjamin had received many honorary degrees from the Universities, and other honours were bestowed on him both on the completion of the Forth Bridge in 1890, and at the opening of the Nile reservoir in 1902.

Not before time, attention has been directed to the arrangement made by railway companies in regard to luggage carried by passengers. They make it part of their contract that they are not responsible for any luggage that is of more than £10 value, and they say that the passenger's interests are safeguarded by a system of insurance; this is at the rate of 5s. for £500 of luggage. The unfortunate people whose baggage has gone astray have had no reason to congratulate themselves upon these arrangements. It may or may not be true that such a system of insurance is in use, but, practically, it is impossible to

insure luggage at any of the great London termini. The attention of Mr. Lloyd-George has been called to the subject, and this is just one of those minor matters which are full of annoyance in themselves, and ought to be settled in a simple and straightforward manner.

Events during the past few days have given additional importance to the International Agricultural Association. It may happen that for years this body is not of much service. When crops are abundant and prices low the machine, as it were, works of itself, but during the present year it is not likely that things will go so smoothly. Already we have witnessed a tremendous amount of gambling on the bad crop prospects of the present year, and advantage has been taken of this to raise the price of bread in London and the provinces. Naturally enough, the air is full of rumours, many of them exaggerated, and unfortunately on these rumours prices often are regulated. This is where the International Association can be of very great service. One of its aims is to secure and disseminate accurate reports of the prospects of crops and returns of each country in the world; and if this be done efficiently, it cannot but have a most wholesome effect in checking that speculation to which a reported scarcity of wheat invariably gives rise.

For once in a way it is possible to congratulate the farmers of England on having before them a remarkably good prospect. While in nearly every other part of the world the cry is raised that the series of crops in the present year is going to be either a failure or very much below the average, the crops in Great Britain could scarcely look more promising. The earliest reports, coming from widely different parts of the country, all point to abundance. No doubt they are a little late, but this is rather to their advantage than anything else. If we should have a few weeks of sunshine now, the return later in the year will be all the greater for the delay, and for once it appears to be nearly certain that plentifulness will not be accompanied by low prices. On the contrary, the movement upward has already begun, and, thanks to the American operators, it is likely to continue during the summer and autumn. The year, therefore, unless, indeed, it should be wrecked by unfavourable weather, is likely to be a record one for the farmer.

At the Co-operative Congress which is now being held in the Public Hall, Preston, the report on co-operative farming was not of a kind to encourage this method of ordering the tillage of the soil. "Very little movement was shown in co-operative farming" said the report. Taking round numbers, wholesale or distributing societies are farming close on 10,000 acres with a capital of £200,000, which certainly would appear to be ample, yet the returns are not very astonishing. The rental was £12,238, the profit was £5,844 and the loss was £4,604, mainly in Scotland and the Midlands. Three farming societies had 501 acres and a capital of £3,377. They paid a rent of £347, and two of them made a profit of £206, the third showing a loss of £7. These figures do not show any striking advance upon the state of affairs that prevailed a few years ago, and we are afraid that the conclusion must be arrived at that farming is one of those pursuits that cannot be done by co-operation. But, on the other hand, combination is very much needed and very much taken advantage of in some of its branches. Although a co-operative society may not farm a holding well, the actual tenant may, and often does, reap considerable advantage from combining with his neighbours for the purpose of buying or selling.

As far as can be judged so early in the year the fruit season promises to become an extremely good one. The display of blossom is one of the best seen for several years. Reports from various districts confirm this general conclusion. In Worcestershire it looks as though the crops would be about 25 per cent. better than those of 1906. From Gloucestershire and Herefordshire come equally good reports, and from the Eastern Counties the same tale arrives. In Kent the cherries are likely to be very good indeed, and nuts are up to the average of the best seasons. At present everything looks well for the strawberry crop, and excellent reports have been received from Kent, Worcester, Cheshire and Hampshire. But it is evident that if such weather as we are having at the time of writing should continue this forecast may be upset. Bush fruit generally is looking as well as it possibly can at this time of the year. All that we want therefore is plenty of sunshine in order that the market gardener may reap a worthy harvest.

The status of hens on the highway seems to have become very much more debatable and less assured than it used to be as a consequence of a decision given by the Divisional Judges in the case referred to them from the County Court, of the cyclist *versus* the hen. Hitherto hens have possessed the highway so familiarly that we never thought of disputing it with them, and if we injured them in a motor we had no doubt of their just claim or that of their owner for damage. But it appears now

very questionable whether they have a right there at all. In the case in point the hen flew against the spokes of the cycle and brought it and the cyclist to grief. The cyclist claimed damages against the owner of the hen, instead of, as we should have supposed more natural, the owner of the hen claiming against the cyclist for damages to the unfortunate fowl. The case went against the fowl, but only, as it appears, on the ground that the creature had been frightened by a dog, and was therefore not accountable. But for the dog—and the question arises whether the cyclist should not have sued the owner of the dog, as the ultimate cause, rather than the hen's owner—the learned judges, on appeal, inclined to think there was great doubt whether the hen's owner ought not to have been liable for the cyclist's damage. The chain of causes and effects reminds one of the "House that Jack Built." The practical conclusion, however, seems to be that the highway is no longer rightly to be considered as a fowl-yard.

THROUGH GREEN SEAS.

Unseen of any man
Full many a fathom deep,
Secure from bliss or ban
Lies the silver isle asleep.
Hush, for it lies asleep,
No loves may laugh or weep,
These shoreward ripples ran
Above it lying deep.
We call: but none may hear
Or loose the dreams they keep;
None answer year by year
From the fields no man may reap.
The green fields none may reap—
The reapers lie so deep,
Beyond all hope or fear
To break the dreams they keep.

ETHEL TALBOT.

The advisability of the imposition of a universal Rod Tax is being discussed in certain circles of the fishing world. But before this proposal is even considered conservators of public ticket waters may be reminded how little the public gets in return for what it pays for trout licences at the present moment in many districts. Take the Axe Conservancy, for instance. This includes many streams not open to the general public over which the conservancy does not attempt to exercise any supervision whatever. No one is ever asked to show his licence, and the man who pays for one gets nothing in return, and feels in short that he is foolish to do what nine out of ten fishermen in the district do not dream of doing. Or, again, in the Tamar and Plym fishery district, where the licence to fish costs anything up to £1, river watching on the Meavy, for instance, is practically non-existent; keepers are hardly ever seen above Barrator. Now stocking is all very well, but before it should be placed "keeping." Many streams will keep up a good head of trout if fairly fished, but rapidly deteriorate where no pains are taken to insist on under-sized fish being restored and only legal lures used.

This winter's legislation on croquet should lend additional interest to the game this summer. The difficulty of re-entry tends to kill croquet played simply for purposes of amusement. All recent legislation has been directed with a view to lessen the chances of the player "in." These are now largely discounted by the 3½ in. tournament hoops, and still more by the practical impossibility of wiring an opponent at the end of a break, inasmuch as the succeeding player may lift his ball and play it from a "balk" area behind the winning-peg. On private lawns, too, much irritation will be obviated by the regulation that when a wrong ball has been played and the fact noted, the balls are to be replaced and the stroke replayed without penalty. The start, too, from a 3 ft. "balk" area on the left-hand boundary ought to increase the interest of what has been hitherto a dull incident of a match—namely, the running of the first hoop.

The Greek play to be given this year in the Bradfield College theatre is the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and invitations have been issued by the Warden, for five different dates in June, on which the full play will be acted. So, at least, the writer understands the invitation kindly sent to him, at the same time that he is surprised to read in the accompanying announcement of the arrangement—exceedingly complete, by the way, for the ease and convenience of visitors—that the performance will begin punctually at 3 p.m., and end punctually at five. Possibly it is the memory of many hours of weary study in school days that disposes him to wonder that the representation of the long-drawn-out drama can be consummated within such close limits. Nowhere, however, in our day is the representation of a Greek play and all connected with it better understood—perhaps nowhere are its conditions better reproduced—than in the open-air theatre at Bradfield. In some sort it is reminiscent of the staging of the Passion Play at Ober

Ammergau. The frequent production of Greek dramas at Bradfield College may be taken as one of the most emphatic and practical protests against the relinquishment of Greek as an essential part of an intellectual man's education, and in itself cannot fail to be of high educational value to the schoolboy performers.

The recent lecture at the Royal Geographical Society given by Lieutenant Boyd Alexander on his expedition "from the Niger, by Lake Chad, to the Nile," was of an interest that was quite exceptional and of no little practical importance. This was that expedition in which Captain Gosling unfortunately lost his life, and in which, besides that officer and the lecturer's brother, Captain Claud Alexander, Mr. P. A. Talbot took part. The primary object was to investigate the water connections between the Niger and the Nile and all the neighbourhood of Lake Chad, which lake the expedition appears to have proved to be perhaps only about one-half as large as was supposed. Commenting on the fact that in the course of the three years or so of travel which the expedition occupied, only fourteen days were spent in the boats which they carried with them, the lecturer pertinently observed that this in itself gave a fairly convincing proof of how nearly connected were the great waterways of the East and West. It is a comment suggestive of a great traffic route which may conceivably be established in the near future. Among other valuable lessons, the lecturer

claimed that the expedition had proved that, by utilising the navigable waters of the river Yei, the transport of supplies from Khartoum to military garrisons in the Bahr-el-Gazel could be lessened by six days. He further expressed the opinion that, by cutting the sudd between this river and the Nile, the flow of water in the latter and its irrigating power and value might be very largely increased.

If any photographer was fortunately inspired to take a picture of any stretch of woodland country in the Southern Counties on May 10th of this year, and again to photograph the same scene only three days later, he will possess in all probability an interesting, and perhaps a unique, record for Great Britain of rapid floral expansion. The leafbuds had been delayed from bursting by a period of abnormal cold until a date far beyond the average time for their vernal appearance. Then came three days of a warmth even more abnormal at that season than the previous low temperature, and all the foliage, with its long pent-up energy, expanded in response almost simultaneously—birches, beeches, oaks and limes together. Of course certain kinds, such as the ash, are still backward, but on the whole the rapidity of the transformation has been more like that to be seen in the tropics, or described in the accounts which naturalists give us of the swift coming of a spring within the Arctic Circle, than anything to which our own temperate and slowly changing latitudes have accustomed us.

THE COUNTRY AT WHITSUNTIDE.

EACH of the festivals dedicated to St. Lubbock has its own particular charm. Christmas is the great "inside" holiday of the year, when one is independent of the weather simply because it is expected to be bad. At Easter the holiday-maker does not look for more than the earliest premonitions of spring, and is not at all surprised to meet with the last blizzards of winter; in August, the pageant of summer is at its meridian; but it is at Whitsuntide that we expect to enjoy the beautiful spring tints in the open air, and this year, provided that the weather be propitious, this expectation is likely to be more than satisfied. On all sides it is estimated that the spring now beginning to merge into summer has been as beautiful as any within living memory. It was

late because untimely frosts held back the vegetation during the first months of the year; and though a dry and warm March seemed to promise that the lost time would be made up, cold and rain came in April, and May, too, delayed the forces of spring. But if things are late they are still full of beauty and promise. The average holiday-maker, who, we may suppose, has had only brief glimpses of the spring during the time that has elapsed since Easter, will find much to repay his leisurely examination if he be a true lover of Nature and of the country. On the farms—we speak of the South of England chiefly—crops are all thriving and growing, nor do they strike one as especially late. Already beanfields are beginning to be fragrant with the exquisite odour that comes from that blossom. The



B. C. Wickison.

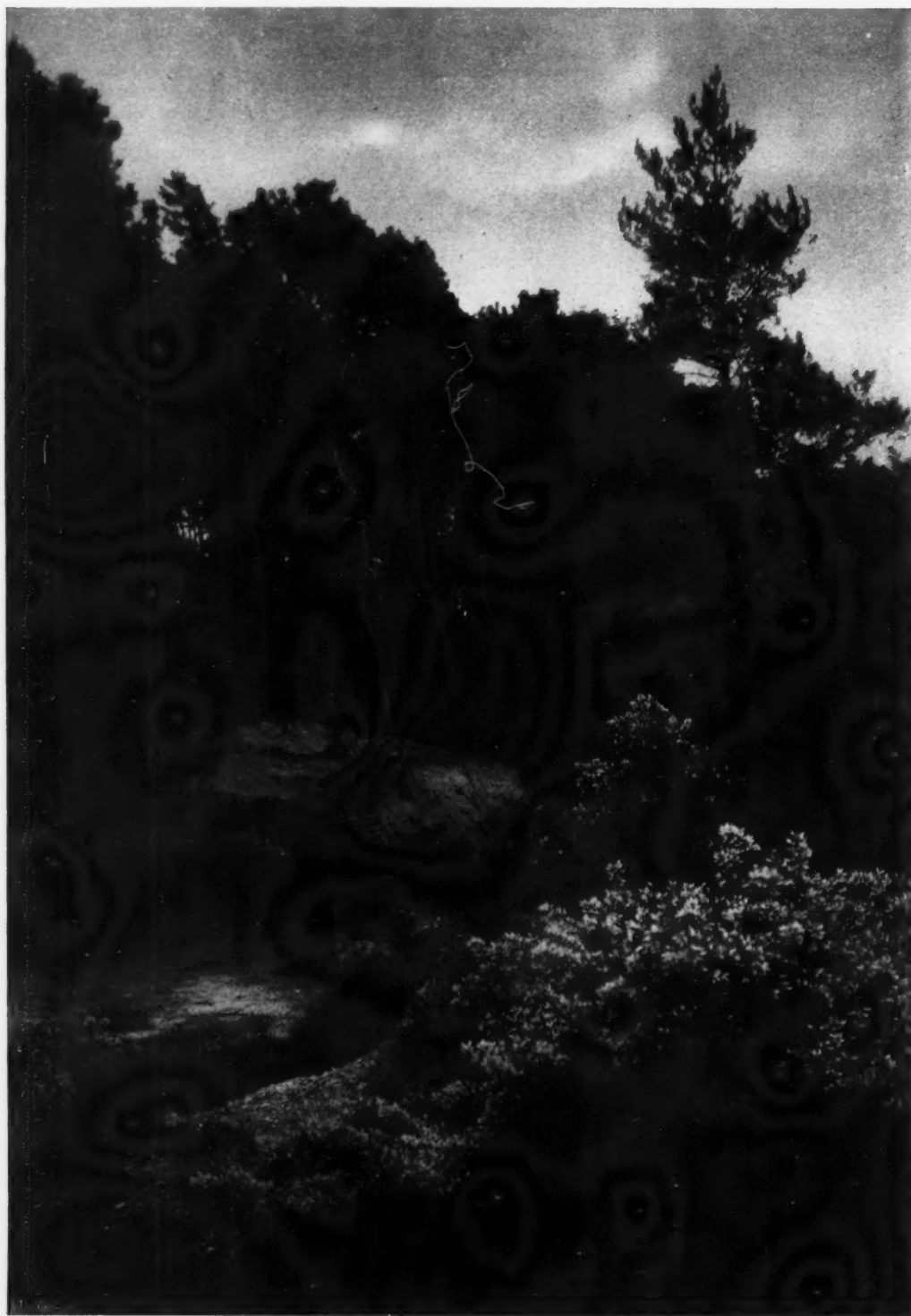
WATER-LILIES.

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winter wheat, although it still bears only the appearance of green grass, is ready to burst forth, and in point of fact the complete ear is in some districts already forming within its green sheath. In a very short time it will have burst through its swathings. The meadows are now a vivid green with the sweet grass of spring's first flush, and so quickly have the pastures come on under the abundant rains of the past few weeks that "kine standing knee-deep in clover" has very nearly ceased to be a figure of speech only. With the crops the wild flowers have come on a main. It is true that the primroses, whose abundant bloom has been one of the features of the season, are now withering

are as green and thick now as they will be in summer, and at their roots a profusion of wild flowers is growing, so that the Richard Jefferies *in fosse* will have a wealth of objects on which to exercise his imagination. All this makes the country more beautiful and attractive than it is at any other time of the year. Moreover, travelling either on foot or on wheels is more agreeable than it is either in the cold of winter or the dust of summer. The rain has kept the roads moist, and so far the temperature has never been either excessively hot or excessively cold. One who has travelled and lived in nearly every part of the world was saying to the writer, only a few days ago, that no country except

England can produce exactly the type of weather and the degree of comfort there experienced. He was thinking not only of the extremes to be experienced in various parts of the world, but of the freedom from insect pests and annoyances which our climate yields. Thus the motorist, the cyclist and the pedestrian will, each in his own way, have an unrivalled opportunity of appreciating the charms of his own country. He will find woodland and common, wayside and field and hedgerow each rivalling the others in interest and claiming the best of his attention. At such times one wonders why so many people choose to go abroad at this time of the year. The fair fields of France have no picture more alluring than is shown by any one of our Southern Counties or the English garden, which, in its quiet way, is an important feature of the landscape, when at its best. In the grounds the chestnuts are out in splendid profusion. The sweet-smelling lilac is perfuming the garden walls and the laburnum "dropping wells of fire," adding its strong and vivid colour to the other tints. In the orchard many of the blossoms, it is true, have passed away; the fruit has set on the plum trees and the pear trees, but the apple trees are still in full bloom, and no one rightly understands the English Whitsuntide until he realises what a vast number of holiday-makers are content to give their leisure to their gardens. This is part of the movement towards the country to which so much attention has recently been directed. Anyone leaving one of our central stations by an evening or afternoon train is bound to notice the number of clerks and shopboys and others who are making their way homewards with a little packet of plants of one description or another in their arms. Many of them are quite new to the art first practised by our grandfather Adam. But notaste develops more quickly than the love of gardening. It spreads from the pot to the window-box, and from the window-box to the earth itself. Out of these



W. A. J. Hensler.

ON A SUNNY HEATH.

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in the glade; but the cowslips are at their very best and are ripe for the gathering of those who wish to follow the old fashion of Herrick's maids, who made cowslip balls wherewith to pelt their bachelors. In woody corners the bluebells are shining in myriads and the commons are yellow with flowering gorse soon to be varied by the no less prodigal bloom of the heather. In the woodlands the wild cherry has surrendered its petals to the passing wind, but the crab-apple is still showing its blooms, and in the hedgerows the blackthorn has given place to the may, which has already flowered in sunny corners, and will after a few days of sunshine whiten the tall hedgerow and the thicket. The hedgerows themselves

modest beginnings no one can tell what will come. Among the inducements that are causing the near suburbs to be forsaken for the country cottage, the desire to grow vegetables and flowers is not the least important; and it is safe to say that this year the pleasure must be exceptional, for, despite the many unseasonable days that have occurred in April and May, the general effect has been far indeed from injurious to vegetation. The cold may have held things back; but the copious rains have more than atoned for the drought of the early part of the year, and everything is preparing for a prodigal glory of summer flowers. To many, of course, these things do not signify



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THE LIGHT GREEN OF THE BEECH IN A FIR WOOD.

Will Cadby.

so much. The devotee of golf, for instance, is apt to forget everything else in his self-engrossing occupation; but even he must derive some additional enjoyment from the surroundings amid which his game is carried on. After all, it is not too much to say that the majority of golf courses are situated in the prettiest

lovers of Nature. The birds, too, are as merry near the golf course as anywhere else, and often the man waiting for his turn may solace himself by listening to the voice of the cuckoo now calling from coppice and spinney, or to the nightingale sounding from some low bush in the hawthorn hedge or thicket



C. D. Kay.

WHERE THE SAP HAS NOT BEGUN TO RUN.

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parts of the country. The game is, in many places, played on commons where the fern and gorse, besides providing hazards for the unskilful players, show their green fronds and their yellow blossom as beautifully as if all those who were using club and ball were the most devoted

of wild rose. A million choristers fill the air with sound, even as the wild flowers fill it with fragrance. At no other time of the year is golf so pleasant as it is in these days, when neither cold nor heat is too oppressive and the colour and sounds of spring are at their best.

THE DOG.

ABOUT halfway through this story I began to think it one of the most unpleasant ever told. It was told in that hotbed of all stories, both unpleasant and the other kind, the smoke-room of a liner; that is to say, a place where there is abundant leisure and a fictitious atmosphere of credulity—because no man can afford to question a friend's story for fear of chilling the air for his own which has to come next. When this particular story was finished, I modified the impression I had formed of it halfway. The teller was lank, dark, wonderfully cadaverous and thin, clean shaven but for a very long moustache hanging limply, so that the two ends had the look of the big canines of a walrus, by which nickname he was known when his back was turned—which was generally. His manners were as genial as his face. He spoke unnecessary words to no one, and no one spoke unnecessary words to him. Always, if he found it unoccupied, he took up his position in the same corner of the smoke-room, the most remote and darkest. There he sat silent. The smoke-room steward reported that he had never been known to order a drink; and whether he ever listened to the talk around him no one knew, for no tale, neither the wittiest nor the worst (and they were served out to suit all tastes) ever got a smile or change of feature from him. He was reputed immensely rich, and evidence was ready to hand that anything from fifty to a hundred pounds was not a matter of his close attention in the fact that he had a whole state-room to himself, though the ship was crowded. Such exclusive engagement of a room, however, does not prevent curious eyes from looking in when the stewards are busy at their work and the doors left open. It is the pleasant way of men on long voyages to take delight in decking their state-rooms with photographs of wives or children—"absent friends" in every degree. In the state-room of the Walrus it was reported that there was no sign of any such reminiscent token. Only on the wall, where his eyes would meet it on first opening in the morning and last before they closed at night, a very finely-wrought little picture in oils of a black retriever. It was set in one of those folding cases in which men, when they travel, carry the portrait they love best.

One day we found out that when he sat in his corner and smoked he did listen. The purser—they are selected for a narrative gift—was telling a tale (but this is not the unpleasant one) of a "husky," that is to say, a sleigh dog, up in the Canadian North-West, which ran amuck, went mad, or listened too much to "the call of the wild," which always seems to be whispering very close to the prick-ears of these half-tamed dogs. After committing every canine atrocity known, besides a few extra of his own special invention, he was in the mid-act of springing at the throat of the driver's child when a God-guided bullet—one out of many fired—found his heart and the child was saved. The purser told the story well, and it gave a thrill; but this was as nothing at all to the thrill caused by the deep raucous voice which came so astonishingly from the dark corner appropriated by the Walrus: "I could not have shot the dog; I'd sooner have shot the child."

The smoke-room would not have been more surprised, in the first place, if the binnacle light had walked in and made a speech, than it was by the Walrus speaking at all. You must add to that the effect of the inhuman words themselves in order to understand the shiver that went round. Men turned their chairs; a poker party, which had paid the purser's tale no heed, stopped play and forgot to bluff; every eye went into the dark where the Walrus's white face could be just seen with the moustache hanging down like two immense black canines. Nobody said anything; but if all the room had shouted at once it could not have asked more plainly the question, "What the devil's the meaning of it?" The Walrus, it was clear, understood the question perfectly, for he said at once: "I'll tell you a story."

And then he began, by way of explaining the meaning, the most unpleasant story in respect of certain parts of it I ever heard. His way of telling the story was rather a dramatic, literary way, not the least like the unsophisticated "So I said," and so on, fashion, in which stories are told in smoke-rooms. Like everything about the Walrus it was singular, and like most things about him not canny. This is the story, that came in a harsh deep voice out of the gloom:

The sea was like a mirror. In the West, the setting sun had left a glow that the eye pierced to infinity. Eastward, a low wreath of mist wound on the shore. One object, black in the cold light, was to be seen on the whole face of the ocean—a small boat, with a man in it. The man was not a sailor. His clothes were dark and good; his forehead high like a student's, with no browning of the sun. He had given over rowing and lay in the bottom of the boat with his head on the stern thwart. His face was haggard and hollow. His hands hung nervelessly on either side. Even his hair dropped over his brow. He stretched his hand feebly to a pitcher beside him and lifted it to his lips, tilting it upside down. He held it so a full minute, but not a drop of water came. A dog, a black retriever, lay in the bows of the boat and watched his action. The man groaned as he took the dry pitcher from his

lips and flung it in the bottom of the boat. The dog whined in sympathy, and crawling to him laid its parched nose on his hand. The man raised himself on his elbow and looked, with an agony of gazing, over the infinite sea, where the splendour showed no speck of life. He turned hopelessly and searched with his forefinger the crevices of the boat's timbers for a crumb of his last meal, finished to the uttermost twenty-four hours before. Then he looked at the dog in a way that made it shrink back and crouch beneath the bow thwart.

The light in the man's eyes grew hungrier and more cruel. He took up the pitcher in his wasted hand and balanced it to try its weight. Then he crept on his knees towards the bows. The dog shrank closer back, forecasting his intention. He called it, but it answered by a growl. He raised himself on one knee with the pitcher held aloft to strike the dog behind the thwart, but it dodged its head directly under the shelter again. He tried to strike it beneath the thwart, whereupon it quickly raised its head above it and, losing patience, menaced him with gnashing teeth. Then he raised the pitcher and brought it down, aiming a crushing blow at the menacing jaws. The dog was too quick. It withdrew its head below the thwart, on which the pitcher dashed crudely and broke in twenty pieces. The man gave a hysterical laugh and threw himself again in the stern, and the dog crouched under the bow thwart and watched him as before.

For a while the man lay so, brokenly. Then his eye rested on the pieces of the pitcher. He studied them, with a dawning purpose in his mind. He crawled along the boat towards them, and picked up two of the largest. The dog drew itself farther away from him and whined in disquiet. The man took the pieces of the pitcher and lay again in the stern of the boat. He passed his finger delicately over the jags of pottery, trying their edge. From time to time he glanced at the dog thoughtfully. When their eyes met the dog growled, and when the man withdrew his eyes it whined once more. The man chose the sharpest of the pieces and again drew himself towards the bows. As he came nearer the dog was silent—watching him closely. He called the dog, but it did not move. He tried to whistle, but his parched lips made no sound. He stretched his hand over the thwart, and the dog drew itself lower, growling horribly. He tried to reach his hand to it beneath the thwart, but there was nothing but menacing jaws to grasp. Again he reached above the thwart. All this while he was using his left hand. His right still held the keen potsherd. The dog crouched low, away from his hand, as before. But this time he was determined to seize something. He leant over and grasped the dog by the skin and black curls of its back. In an instant it had turned with such fury of gnashing jaws that almost involuntarily the man let go. Then it menaced him again from beneath the thwart. With his right hand he dashed the potsherd at its clenched teeth, and as it recoiled reached over the thwart with his left and grasped it—this time upon the neck. It flung itself off, to get free, with a force that brought the man down on his chest and face, but he held fast. He got his knees over the thwart and, still grasping the dog's neck, knelt on its body with all his weight. The dog's head was under the thwart. The man reached forward with the sharp potsherd and felt for the soft firmness of the dog's throat. Then he drew the jagged edge strongly across it. The touch of the sharp cutting thing seemed to give the dog strength. It wrenched its head round, and threw the fore part of its body underneath, dragging the man helplessly on top. He was aware of an instant of hot, dry, animal breath in his face, and of madly gnashing white jaws—while the boat rocked dangerously, vexing the still sea. He felt a sharp pain in his hand as the dog's teeth met. Then, with a groan of despair, he threw himself back into the middle of the boat, the blood pouring from his palm. The dog did not follow him. It lay in its old attitude of watching, under the bow thwart. But it no longer growled or whined—only watched. The man dared not take his eyes off it, lest it should spring on him and kill him. He was faint with hunger and thirst and exhaustion. Gradually the night closed. He could no longer see the dog. He fell asleep. It seemed but the next moment that he was wide-awake, in the cold water, swimming for life. Around was a raw mist. The waves were running in a strong current, like ridge and furrow. On his left, some yards away, the boat was drifting—all on her side, half water-logged, with a hole stoved in her timbers. Behind was the dark jut of rock, bearded with white foam, which had made the shipwreck. On the right hand a cliff stood steep before him. Could he reach it? The dog swam beside. Occasionally it went ahead; then turned as the man lagged behind, and circled towards him, uneasily. The cliff looked hopelessly distant, though it was but a short way; but the current bore him along parallel. He made little progress. He fought cruelly, but he was nearly spent with hunger and exposure. He even feared the dog as it came to him. And the water was so coldly green and cruel! Over the cliff the day was dawning. It was many hours since he had fallen back, exhausted, from his

struggle with the dog. Those yards were fearfully long—the sea bore him away. His clothes were like lead; his limbs benumbed; death seemed a kind thing. He felt a blessed relief as he gave up the struggle and let the water close, coldly, over his head.

Two men, coming down to the rocks, lobster-catching at the lowest of the tide, saw some black thing, which they took to be a dog, swimming towards shore. It swam slowly, with effort, over

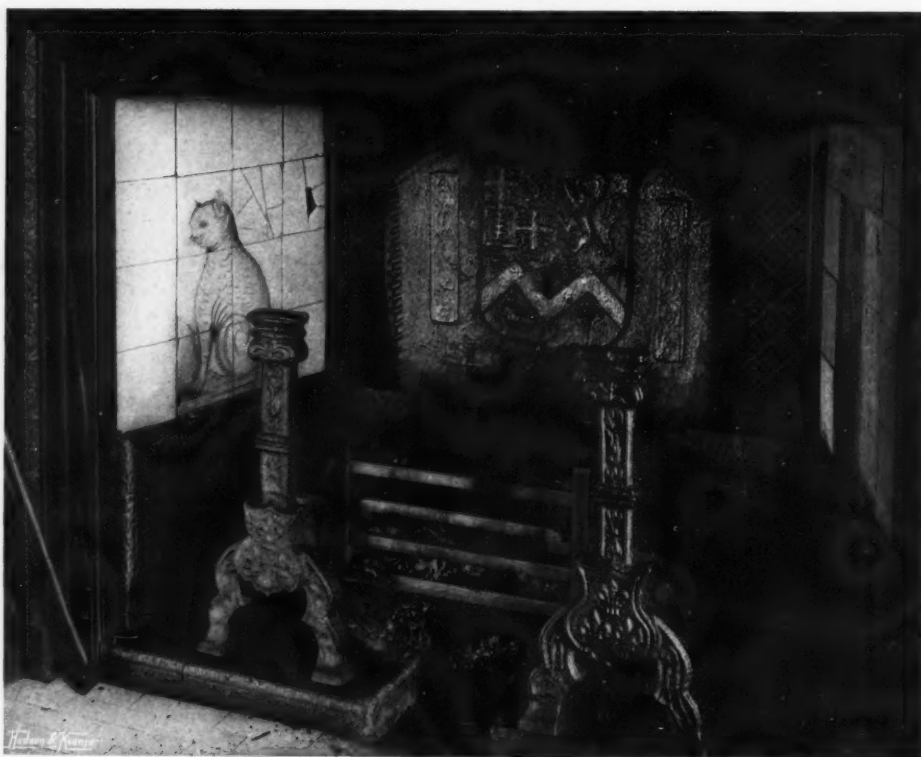
the ridge and through the furrow of the sea, tugging at what looked like a bit of wreckage. They lost it, when they reached the rocks' level, till they had gone right out to the lowest fall of the tide. On one of the rocks, half in and half out of the water, was the body of a man, and a black retriever gasping for breath and life with its head and fore paws on his breast.

I was the man; that's why I could not have shot the dog.

OLD WEALDEN IRONWORK

AT WARNHAM COURT.

THE Weald or Wold of England is a vast tract, embracing parts of Kent, Surrey and Sussex, bounded landward by chalk downs, but open to the sea from Hythe to Pevensey. From this tract the erstwhile superincumbent chalk has been eroded, leaving the underlying strata—the great geological formation known as the Wealden—exposed on the surface. The strata consist of a compact mass of unctuous mottled and blue clay, with clayey sands and sandstone beneath. The former, when undrained, forms extensive pools and marshes, while the latter bears magnificent timber. Thus the country, being covered with dense forests and marshes, remains of which still exist, was formerly



XVI.—XVII. CENTURY CROWBOROUGH FIREDOGS.

inaccessible, and therefore named by the Anglo-Saxons *The Weald* (German, *Wald*). The Lower Green Sand, which crops up from beneath the chalk, is ferruginous; but richer ores of iron, the lake or bog ores, close to the surface and known as "pans," were yet more temptingly in proximity to forest trees, and led to the establishment of an iron industry in the Weald even before Roman times. The production of iron was continued, perhaps with slight interruptions, until late in the seventeenth century. As no more idea of husbanding the timber existed in England in the Middle Ages than now, or than

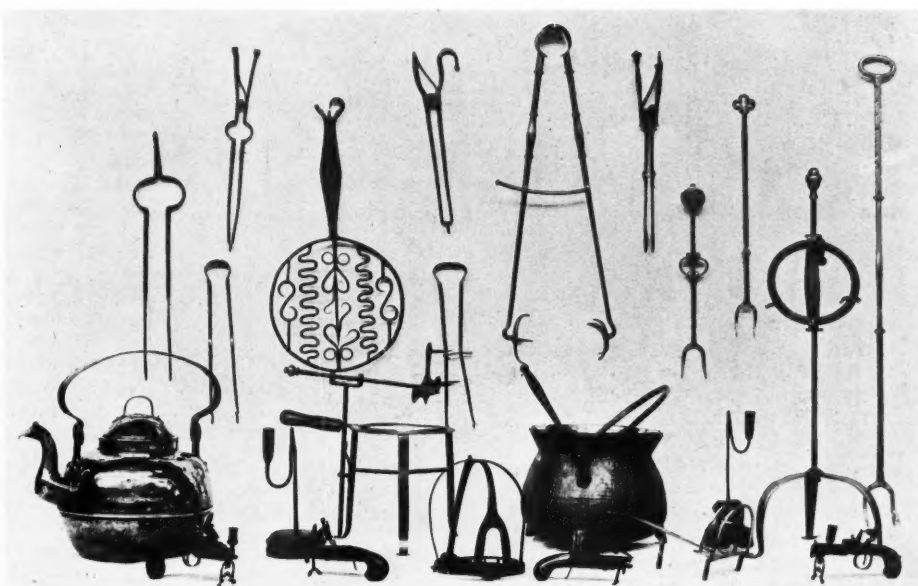
among the early settlers of America, even the hundreds of square miles of forest of the Weald began to perish before the



FIREBACK AND ANDIRONS.

inroads of the iron foundries and glass houses, the feeble and belated efforts to check the destruction under Elizabeth notwithstanding. The iron trade passed to the coal-bearing counties, and the Weald, from being perhaps commercially the most flourishing district of England, became a purely residential district. Not but that in its days of prosperity it was well settled, such stately mansions as Hever, Penshurst, Knole, Leeds, Petworth, Cowdray, Battle, Pevensey, Hurstmonceaux, Cranbourne and others fully attesting this, for many of their owners were at one time or another enriched by the industry. Its halcyon days as the "black country" of England lasted probably from the time of Edward III. to Charles II., when it supplied cast cannon and shot to the civilised world, and merchantable bars of rolled and hoop iron to the London market. When their industry took wing, an army of smelters, puddlers and mill hands were left to starve, and we may well imagine that such as did not emigrate betook themselves to the trade of blacksmithing, not previously practised in the Weald. Hence the sudden appearance of hosts of extremely crude andirons, rush and dip light holders, ratchets and kitchen cranes, and later still of trivets, toasting forks, tobacco tongs and so on, all made on the anvil, in addition to cast-iron firebacks and some castings of a more trivial nature. These appear to have been supplied mainly to the local cottagers and farmers, and the craft remained a cottage, or at best a village, industry. It thus happens that residents in the Weald have had exceptional opportunities of acquiring specimens during the last few decades, as exemplified by the collections of Lady Dorothy Nevill and Mr. Lucas of Warnham Court, whose collection is here illustrated. The successive introduction of cheap composite candles, colza oil and paraffin for lighting purposes must have induced the farmers and cottagers to discard wholesale their more primitive means of lighting. Mr. Lucas has thus been able to make a collection which comprises most or all of the characteristic examples of the late Wealden forgeries.

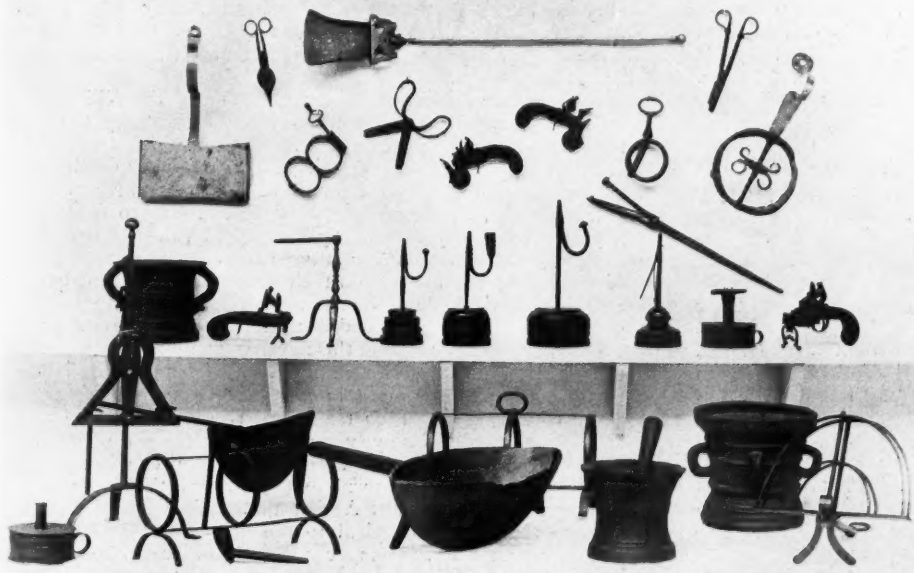
Our second illustration represents a hearth with a cast-iron fireback with the Royal arms of Charles II., and a pair



ENGLISH IRONWORK. (FIG. I.)

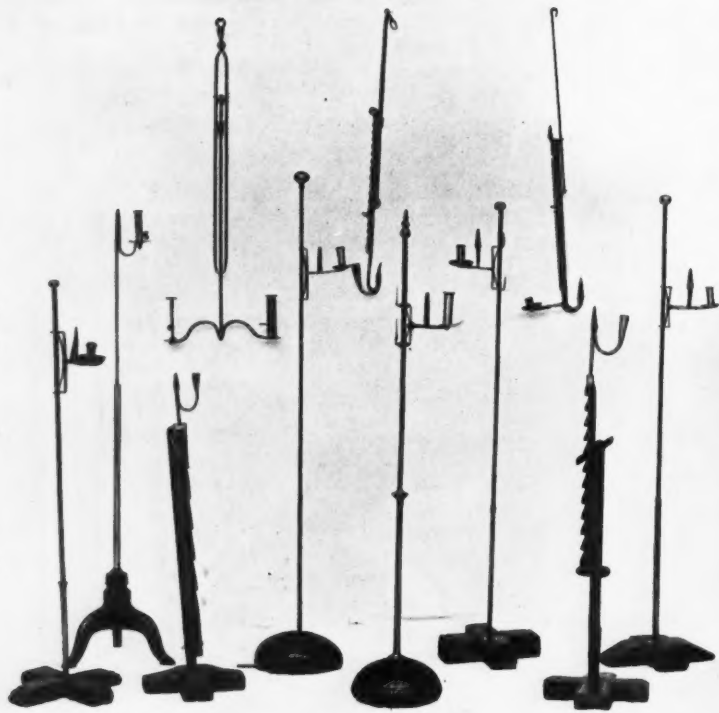


FIREBACK: AFTER A DUTCH DESIGN.



ENGLISH IRONWORK. (FIG. II.)

of wrought-iron cresset andirons, with supports for spits. On one side is seen a fine example of the massively forged kitchen crane, with lever handle, ratchet and pothooks for suspending either caldron or kettle. Most of the other objects figured are seen to better advantage on this page. Fig. I., commencing with the specimens hanging at the back, presents, firstly, a round gridiron inspired by the Flemish examples, but more crude; secondly, a pair of large tongs, with claw grips and quadrant adjustment for moving logs, three smaller tongs for dealing with charcoal embers, and three tobacco tongs, dear to smokers of a few generations since. To the right are three toasting forks. Below are the kettle and caldron to be hitched on to the pothooks of the kitchen crane. Between these are three pistol-shaped flint and steel tinder boxes, and a brank or scold's bridle, an iron instrument which fitted over the head and round the neck by a clasp and held the tongue by a gag. Between the kettle and caldron is a trivet with handle, fitted with an adjustable toasting fork, for toasting bacon and such-like over a dish to catch the dripping. There are also two rushsticks, with nozzle for a dip, stuck in blocks of turned wood, and to the right a tripod holding a disc with prongs for toasting bread or cakes. Fig. II. shows at the top a fire shovel, on the left a brazing pan, snuffers, pair of hand-cuffs with key, scissors, two pistol strike-a-lights, a ring with key, another pair of snuffers, a grid and tobacco tongs. On the shelf below are a cast-iron pestle, two pistol strike-a-lights, three rushsticks in wood blocks, one combined with a nozzle for a dip, and a hand candlestick. On the ground are mortars and pestles, frames for making rushlights, a tripod with triangular toaster, racks for making rushlights and a receptacle for charcoal. The middle illustration on this page represents a William III. or Queen Anne fireback, cast from a Dutch original commemorating a siege. At this time Dutch designs for cast-iron firebacks were reproduced almost to the exclusion of English designs, a certain sign of the decadence of the industry in the Weald.



RUSHLIGHT HOLDERS

The last illustration represents three suspending adjustable holders for rushlights or dips, which could be hung up the chimney or to a hook on the wall. Also eight high standards on wooden bases of various forms, bearing both pincers for holding a rushlight and a nozzle for a dip, adjustable as to height by spring clips, except two which have ratchets.

J. STARKIE GARDNER.

THE SALMON AND FRESH-WATER FISHERIES BILL.

THIS Bill, which the President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has introduced into the House of Lords with the avowed object of carrying out the recommendations of the Earl of Elgin's Commission, which reported in 1902, does not err on the side of lack of boldness. Shortly, it is a Bill to enable the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to legislate for fisheries by provisional order. The Board has a free hand to repeal all existing laws and to make such new laws as it pleases for any particular river. So far as we are aware, such a far-reaching power is not at present possessed by any Government Department, and this Bill creates a precedent which, if it is successful, will be largely followed. It may be said that it only extends to fisheries the power the Board at present possesses as to commons. But this is not so. As to commons the Board of Agriculture has wide, very wide, powers of regulating, but the regulations are confined within certain fixed bounds. In this Bill there are no bounds at all. The Board is allowed to carry out its own sweet will in reference to fisheries. Those who think that the Board represents the collective practical and scientific knowledge of all the world in fishery matters, will probably support the Bill on the ground that the Board can do no wrong. Those who doubt the perennial wisdom of permanent officials may possibly think otherwise. In our opinion, here, as in most cases, the truth lies between the two sets of opinion. The varying circumstances of the different rivers require different rules as to them; but there are certain general principles that apply to all rivers, and power to deviate from the general law should only be given within those limits, such as those of close time, which should be not merely for the benefit of one river, but for the good of all. It is a matter well worth consideration whether this Bill is not really a retrograde step. The Royal Commission of 1860, over which Sir William Jardine presided, found that one of the chief reasons for the falling off in the salmon fisheries was the confusion and uncertainty of the law then existing. Each river had its own rules, in many cases its own Act of Parliament. All these were repealed, and one law for the whole of England and Wales substituted, in 1861. The different fishery boards were allowed in 1873 to vary the general law in their own districts by bye-laws. Now it is proposed to go back to the state of things which existed before 1861, and let every river or group of rivers make its own law. It may be

successful if the Board of Agriculture keeps a very firm grasp on the provisional orders; but, on the other hand, it may be one of the steps on a downward course which will tend to bring about the extinction of the English salmonidæ within the next dozen years. It will not require much to bring this about, and we are not by any means certain that the little required this Bill will not do. The Bill is marked by its extreme simplicity. Its machinery may be put in motion by a fishery board, a county council, persons who are the owners of one tenth in value of the private fisheries proposed to be dealt with, or a majority of the persons holding licences to fish in public waters. The first two are a matter of course, but it will be amusing if the fishery board takes one view and the county council another; for in the case of a board composed of persons elected by several county councils any one of them can apply. The power of owners of a tenth in value of the private fisheries means very little. In a large number of our rivers the value of the private fisheries is very small, and a tenth of this is almost an infinitesimal quantity. There is no provision that we can find for ascertaining the value of the private fisheries, and until this is done it will be impossible to fix the tenth; so that this provision will not be easy to work. We fail to see why a majority of the licencees in public fisheries should be able to upset the whole management of the river. They do nothing but catch the fish, and their interests and those of the persons who breed the fish are diametrically opposed. Why should the destroyers have it in their power to apply to the Board of Agriculture to give them yet greater powers of destruction? Anyone who will take the trouble to refer to the tables at the end of the annual reports of the Inspectors of Fisheries will see how few these persons are. They can only be the net fishermen in the tidal portion of the river, and,

except in a very few rivers, their number does not exceed two dozen. Some of these persons, whose only interest is to clear out the river of its fish, can apply to the Board of Agriculture for power to enable them to do so. Will the Board give them the power? It must be remembered that they are not merely fishermen—they are also voters; and a Government Department will do much for voters provided they are sufficiently numerous.

There is, however, one safeguard—the applicants for the order are to pay all the costs of obtaining it and of the Bill confirming it; such costs, even if the Bill be unopposed, will not be under £200. The Board may—it ought to be shall—require security for such costs; and if it will only do this in all cases very little will be heard of provisional orders, for if landowners who also own fisheries cannot afford such luxuries, net fishermen cannot. We do not know if it is an artifice of the Board of Agriculture to do away with the opposition of fishery boards and county councils to its orders, or if it is a slip in the drafting of the Bill; but the costs of fishery boards and county councils which they can legally pay out of their funds are confined to expenses in support of the order, not to expenses for opposing it. As to fishery boards this does not matter, as they have by Statute power to spend their funds in any way which they think best calculated to improve the fisheries, and the opposition to an order promoted by netsmen might well be considered not calculated to improve them; but as to county councils it is different. It is very doubtful as this Bill stands whether they could pay the costs of any opposition out of the county funds, or only the costs of promoting or supporting; if this is not meant it should be made quite clear.

We have dwelt upon the machinery of the Bill in order to let fishery owners and tenants see how easily the whole condition of things which now exists on a river, and on the faith of which they may have taken leases of fisheries, may be upset. It seems to us that landowners are brought face to face with two great dangers; the whole of the present law as to fishing may any day be upset by a popularly elected body, the county council, applying to the Board of Agriculture to adopt some popular scheme of regulating the fisheries in their district. To put an extreme case, the provisional order might allow anyone to angle in any part of it. It is not probable that Parliament, as at present constituted, would sanction this; but it is by no means certain the Board of Agriculture would not. What is more probable is that provision will be made in these orders for the preservation and encouragement of coarse fish. The army of anglers has largely increased of late years, and most of them are voters. In Sheffield, Nottingham and Birmingham they can bring appreciable pressure on the local members, and through the local members on the Board of Agriculture. What security is there that the Board will not yield to the pressure? And if it does, and makes an order, the chances that the order will be confirmed are very great. The whole matter is one that requires far more consideration than it has yet received, and in truth fishery owners and tenants are greatly indebted to Lord Camperdown

for getting the second reading of the Bill postponed. We are all in favour of the greatest latitude being given to adapt the law to meet local circumstances; but we think it should be within certain fixed limits. Poaching implements should not be allowed anywhere, close time should be rigidly enforced, the sale of fish during close time made illegal, and a free run up and down the river secured for all migratory fish. It is possible that the Board of Agriculture might insist on these points in a provisional order; but it is also possible they might not. We think that they should

not have the power to do one or the other, and that Parliament should alone be able to decide on such points as these. There is one other point that must be borne in mind—the class of justices who are now being appointed to carry out the law. The cry is to have the small Radical farmer made a magistrate; but experience has shown that in parts of England and in the whole of Wales a large percentage of the poaching is done by the small Radical farmer. Is it wise to give him a free hand in fishery matters?

J. WILLIS BUND.

THE GULL POND AND ITS TENANTS.

WERE it by a miracle to happen that our Board of Agriculture woke up to a sense of its duties, and instituted a real investigation into the habits and diet of the British fauna with a view to ascertaining which was and which was not harmless,

Larus ridibundus would certainly be acquitted by a unanimous verdict. Neither fisherman nor farmer has any evil to say of this beautiful bird. During the greater part of the year it is to be seen about our coasts seeking its food with various other wild-fowl, but it is not as large and has not the greed and digestive capacity of, for example, the common seagull. At the seaside its food consists of very small fish, sand eels and other flotsam and jetsam of the pool and sand. But its interest to us lies chiefly in the fact that when the March winds blow it forsakes rock and wave and flies inland to lead a life very similar to that of the rook, at any rate as far as feeding is concerned. Like the rook, it follows the spring ploughman in crowds, picking up worms from the newly-cleft furrow. As the weather becomes drier it may be seen near the water-courses. How often has one sat upon a heathery knoll on a day in early summer and watched one of these gulls beating up and down a hill stream. It works with the regularity of a policeman or a well trained dog, but that is at times of the year when the grubs and worms have been driven from the surface by the intense heat.

The days when the ploughman is driving his first furrow into the spring sod are the time when the laughing seagull is most conspicuous on the land. It is, of course, attracted by the grubs, and no doubt the fact that its food at the nesting season lies chiefly among the fields has induced the habit of nesting inland. The bird in reality does not mind whether the nesting-place be near the sea or far away from it. In the same county we know of a pond where the gull has nested annually for the last 150 years, which is situated quite fourteen miles from the nearest part of the coast. Yet on the estate itself there is another pond

which is separated from the sea only by one of those great dunes which the ever-blowing wind has piled up in the course of centuries. But the dune has proved an admirable shelter for the husbandman, and several hundred acres behind it are annually tilled and cropped. The water of the pond is grown over with flags and weeds. Indeed, except in the middle, where there is a considerable depth, the place is more like a morass than anything else. But where the roots



H. Lazenby

RETURNING TO HER DUTIES

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have formed a tussocky islet the black-headed gull makes her nest. We read in the old books that the young gulls at one time were as much sought after as young rooks, and thought by our ancestors to be exquisite materials for a pie. Our fastidious generation, however, has ceased to care for gull pie, and is said even to despise the once more popular rook pie. Still the eggs continue to be held in esteem, though they are not taken to the extent they were during the childhood of the present writer. In those days the game-keeper used to sally out in a boat several times during the season and collect thousands of eggs, which were esteemed as dainties and sent as presents to the friends of the owner. They are still eaten to some extent, but the practice in this particular case was stopped because of the fastidiousness of the gulls. They do not mind laying two, or, perhaps, even three, clutches of eggs, but if more are taken they seem to get tired and fly away without breeding. Whether this was the real cause for the pond's being forsaken, or not, is very doubtful. What is more likely is that during the wet season it was raised above the level at which the gulls lay their eggs, and when they found they could not nest they went elsewhere in search of suitable sites. That this sort of thing does happen is proved by the case of Morbottle, a little village on the borders of Roxburghshire. The name might very well puzzle the peasant visitor of to-day. It obviously means Merebottle, the place at the mere or lake, but the country



H. Lazenby.

SITTING HARD.

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roundabout may be searched in vain for any sign of a lake, and the reason is, according to tradition, that during a very wet season that occurred perhaps a century and a-half ago, the lake burst its bank and made a channel to the nearest river. Where its bed was can still be seen. It is on record that this pond as long as it existed was a favourite resort of the laughing seagull, which found itself in this one season deprived of its nesting-place. The birds thereupon made choice of another pond about twelve miles away, to the great joy of the owner of the estate, who probably just about that time had completed the mansion which now stands overlooking the park, at the foot of which, cradled in lilac and laburnum trees, lies the gull pond. They came at a fortunate time

resembling so beautifully the crooning of the sea, would never fail to prize this beautiful adjunct of the park and the country house.

IN THE GARDEN.

AMONG THE ROSES.

THIS is an anxious period of the year in the Rose world, and unless the plants are closely watched there will be much trouble later on. Everything depends upon the weather, cold winds and nights increasing the plague of green fly, and curling up the leaves until they appear as if swept by fire. Under these conditions the rosarian must

step forward and help his plants in every possible way. One way to overcome the weather trials as much as possible is by hoeing among the plants, not merely with the object of removing weeds so as to allow air and warmth to encourage the roots. Use the "push" hoe, as this breaks up the soil more thoroughly, and less injury is likely to result to the shoots. Examine each Rose very carefully and remove all weakly shoots, those, for instance, in the centre of the bush, which will not bear flowers and prevent the sun from penetrating to those which remain. This applies more particularly to Roses on walls or fences, as the growth is more rampant than that of the bush varieties. Another point of great importance is the feeding of the plants; that is, giving them a dose of liquid manure once a week. The result of this is quickly evident in a stronger and more leafy growth, and greater abundance of flowers. As one of our leading rosarians remarks, "If a convenient corner can be found for a heap of cow manure, and a hole dug in close proximity, the difficulty of obtaining liquid manure is solved, as the drainings from this heap stored in a tub and given half strength will supply good food for the Roses." Then reference is made to green fly: "It is a good plan to take a soft brush and go over the plants, drawing the brush gently over those shoots infested with the fly, then in the evening syringe with paraffin soap solution, using 4oz. of the soap to a gallon of soft water. Shoots that can be immersed in the solution will be thoroughly cleansed of the aphid. The Rose grub or maggot can only be dealt with by hand picking or squeezing the leaves. Usually the culprit is in the top leaves that are fastened together. A diligent search should be made at least twice a day." Much depends upon the soil as to the liquid manure. We find on a dry hilltop that too much can scarcely be given, and certainly without this help the plants would fare badly.

IN TULIP-TIME.

The early Tulips have faded, but at this time the May or late flowering varieties are in full splendour, and none is more gorgeous than the parent of the race, the crimson Tulipa gesneriana, the flower opening out to the sun and disclosing an inky pool at the base. It is pleasant to see a growing love for this sumptuous flower, which was almost unheeded until a few years ago when the "Darwin," "Cottage" or "May" Tulips came into prominence. These Tulips are a link in the round of flowers; the Daffodils are over for the most part, then the Tulips open out to bridge over the spring and the summer. We planted a large bed of mixed varieties last autumn, and they are now in flower, and a strangely beautiful picture of varied colouring—rose, purple, pink and almost black, but another year one must protect them from the winds and heavy rains. These play sad havoc among the stems, and several have been blown practically out of the soil. Shelter these tall Tulips must have, and such assistance is well repaid. We have noticed that after three years the bulbs deteriorate. A bed planted with the Gesner's Tulip three years ago was a great success for two years, but this year the flowers are miserably thin and weak. The bulbs will be taken up, and next autumn the soil will have a change to Daffodils. Soil gets "sick" of maintaining one kind of bulb for long, at least in the case of the Tulip, and therefore a periodical change is necessary to maintain a certain standard of excellence.

BIENNIAL FLOWERS.

This is the season of the year for sowing biennial flowers, and the most beautiful are the Canterbury Bell, Aquilegia, Foxglove, Sweet William and Pentstemon. The Canterbury Bell is one of the brightest flowers of the garden during the summer months if seed is saved from a good strain, that is, from flowers which have beauty of form and colouring to recommend them. Huge blooms are a mistake. We prefer the smaller flowers, which are produced in greater profusion and flood the border with colour for many weeks. One small border we have in mind; it runs through a vegetable garden, and is filled with white Lilies and Canterbury Bells—the latter in groups—here a drift of



H. Lazenby.

JUST HATCHED.

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in the history of the family, and were by superstition associated with its fortunes. From other causes many of the so-called gulleries or nesting-places of the black-headed gull have been lost during the last century. The British farmer, in spite of all that is sometimes said against him, goes on steadily improving the land. One remembers a great many places that were damp



H. Lazenby.

THIRTEEN NESTS WERE COUNTED ON THIS ISLAND

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and marshy in our schoolboy days that, when we return to them now, are ploughed or in pasture. Always the farmer seems encroaching more and more on what used to be waste, and every drain he lays down drives some bird—it may be a bittern, it may be a curlew, it may be a black-headed gull—to seek some other nesting resort. But this has one advantage, that it enables the owner of a country house to attract these birds more easily. Perhaps there are barbarians who would prefer to drive them away, but those who have seen their clear black and white plumage shining in the sunlight, or who have heard that murmuring cry at a little distance when the notes of many are blended into one chorus



TUFTED PANSIES AMONG ROSES.

white, there blue, the result a picture that appeals to one who loves flowers. The seed to give plants for flowering next year should be sown now, and a little bed of well-prepared soil made up in the open will suffice. Thin out the seedlings if they are too thick, and in early autumn transplant to the places in which they are to flower. The Foxglove may be treated in much the same way, but in this instance the seed may be sown where the plants are to remain. Sow freely by the fringe of woodland, on shady banks or borders, or wherever this beautiful flower is likely to succeed. The most satisfactory varieties are those known as "gloxiniaeflora," the name having been given because of the Gloxinia-like shape and colouring of the flowers. We believe this is a French strain, but may be obtained from English nurserymen. The flowers are varied in colouring, and those blotched and spotted with chocolate on a white ground are exceptionally handsome. At the time of writing, the flower spikes of the Sweet William are rising from the fresh green growth, and soon there will be a mass of colour. We only grow one variety, and that named Pink Beauty, from the colouring of the flowers; it is not exactly pink, rather a mixture of pink and salmon, and remarkably bright. The plants are massed over with bloom, and the effect of this wonderful colour when the group is large is brilliant. Sow seed of the Aquilegia or Columbine as soon as it is ripe, and the best place for this is a shallow box filled with light soil, such as one would put a Geranium in. This should be placed in a cold frame, and when the seedlings are sufficiently large to plant, transfer them to the places they are to beautify. The spurred varieties are the ones to choose, butterfly-like flowers of exquisite grace and colouring—yellow, buff, red, pink and a host of shades which are full of charm in the garden and when gathered for the house. Without the spur the flower loses its characteristic beauty. The Pentstemon is one of the most joyous flowers of the year, and is best treated as a biennial. It is not hardy—at least, few plants escape destruction in a winter of even moderate severity. For this reason, we sow the seed in June in a shallow box or pan, and the seedlings are kept during the winter in a cold frame or greenhouse. Few late summer flowers give more pleasure than this, its stems lined with bloom; and if a variety of exceptional beauty appears among the seedlings, cuttings may be struck from it. Autumn is the season for striking cuttings, which soon root, but as in the case of the seedlings the protection of the frame is necessary during winter. The young plants must not go to the beds until April.

RANDOM NOTES.

Daffodil Peter Barr.—It is fortunate that this magnificent Daffodil is one of the freest of all the seedlings raised in recent years. The bulbs are still too expensive for the slender purse, but in time it will become cheaper. The flower is of the trumpet class, and is described as "King of White Trumpet Daffodils"; it is not pure white, more of a delicate, creamy shade, and very beautiful in form. It is strong in growth.

Rose Fortune's Yellow.—It is in the sunny days of April and May that this beautiful Rose asserts itself, and several letters have been received asking for help in growing the plant. Fortune's Yellow is fickle. It pleases itself, and sometimes rambles away in delightful fashion outdoors where, of course, there is some protection during winter and spring. We well remember the remarkable growth of a plant against a warm wall in a Berkshire garden and the flood of flowers which greeted the early

summer. But this Rose must be generally regarded as suitable only for under glass. One of our most successful growers mentions that when choice Roses are sought for in April and May this is the one to plant, for with simple glass protection and an abundance of air on all favourable occasions a wealth of highly-coloured blooms is the result if the following simple details are carried out. The position to choose for planting can even be the worst in the house. It flourishes equally well if planted at the north end of the greenhouse, though making it somewhat later, an advantage if the same variety is planted on the south side, as a succession results. A border composed of three parts turfy loam, one part each of burnt garden refuse and decayed manure, with a good sprinkling of bones, should be prepared for the plant. If a stage or trellis should cover the selected site just cut a hole large enough to bring the stem through, training a single stem up the trellis, where it should be encouraged to form several main rods, which will eventually flower almost their entire length. The secret of flowering this plant successfully is to prune hard back annually, immediately the flowering season is over, to the strong main rods, thus promoting vigorous growth for the next season's flowering. An occasional top-dressing of horse or cow manure and an abundance of water, both clean and diluted, should be given when the plant is thoroughly established, winter or summer. Also syringe the plants freely when growing. Purchase pot plants for preference for planting out, as these can be put out any time up to midsummer if not convenient before. The colouring of the Rose is its great charm—carmine, buff and yellow mingled together, and painted on petals which tremble in the slightest wind.

DECORATIVE POSSIBILITIES OF THE BRACKEN.

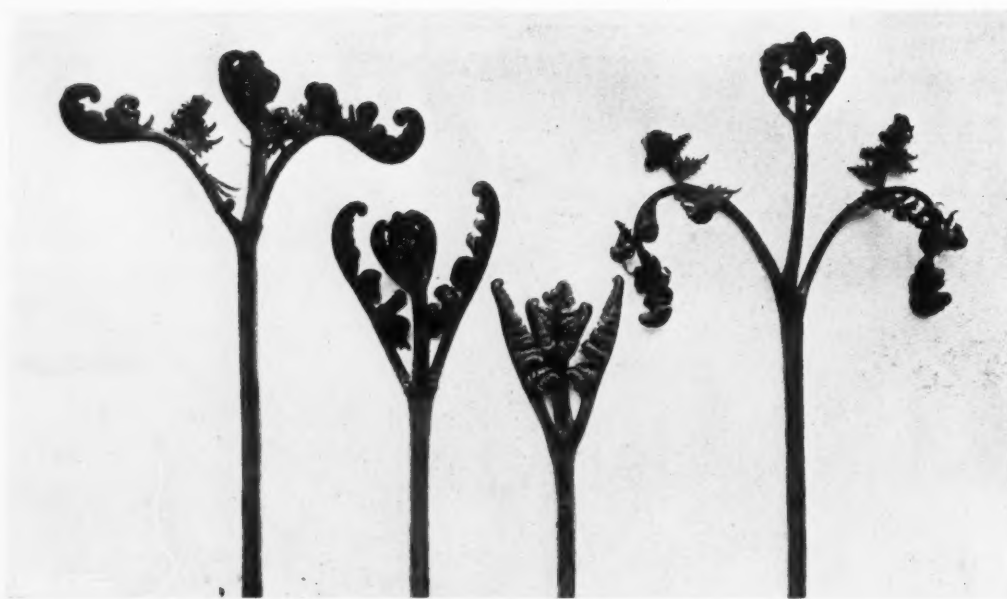
IT is an established practice with designers and craftsmen in the applied arts to seek inspiration for their decorative conceptions in Nature. The art student is counselled to analyse the flower, the leaf and the stem, and from the dissected details to build up conventional forms to serve him in the evolution of new schemes in line and colour. The intelligent application of this principle underlies all successful artistic achievement. Much, however, depends upon the selection of the material, and upon the skill of the artist in seizing upon and appropriately using the suggestions which Nature offers him. On the one hand, he may err by adopting a too naturalistic rendering of these suggestions, copying rather than adapting them; on the other hand, he may over-conventionalise, and thereby lose the spirit of the original. In the search for forms suited to his purposes, the designer seems to have overlooked the possibilities of the bracken. How little the charm of this ubiquitous fern has been recognised is exemplified by the fact that a well-known writer on British ferns refers to it as "a common and usually



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BRACKEN FRONDS.

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PATTERNS FOR WORKERS IN METAL.

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vulgar-looking plant," and again as "uncouth-looking," reproaches which more sympathetic study of this really beautiful fern will remove. It cannot be pleaded that the plant is an unfamiliar one, seeing how lavishly it clothes our heaths and woodlands with its green lacework. The oversight, if such it is, is in not seizing it at the psychological moment, at the time when the new stems are breaking through the soil. The beautiful crozier-like form of the nascent fronds of other ferns is known to, and admired by, everyone, and has done duty for the designer times without number; yet it has but limited decorative qualities compared with the bracken, which revels in a diversity of forms perfectly bewildering. In that abundant variety lies its charm and usefulness to the artist. Let him mark and record its protean methods of unfolding its fronds. Not only does the involution of these immature fronds present a series of graceful outlines, sufficiently suggestive to the man with the pencil, but they are rich in sculpturesque modelling, rendering them serviceable for treatment in the solid. They have also this further valuable

quality—they possess a ready-made symmetry, which makes the task of conventionalising an easy and almost superfluous one. Forms may be found among the embryo shoots adapted to a multitude of purposes. The photographs with which this article is illustrated show but a few examples of bracken stems plucked at random, but how full of charm in outline, form, symmetry and boldly-modelled detail.

Examine first the younger stems, noting how the baby frondlets have grouped themselves—some in rigid lines, others in graceful curves, but all beautiful and rich in suggestion. Even the stem itself, in its early growth, has no stereotyped bent. It may be straight, curved, hooked, or looped upon itself. Here is a ready-formed vase handle, there a hilt or knurl which might be directly copied in metal, and there again a decorative fancy



W. S. Rogers.

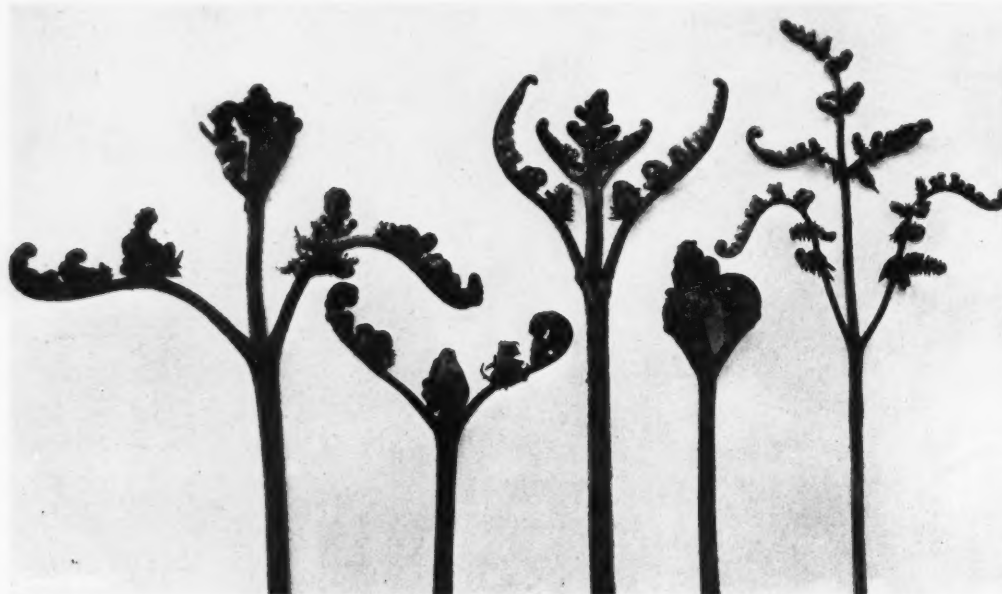
ENDLESS VARIETY OF FORM.

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graceful enough to bear repetition in the pattering of some piece of carved woodwork, metal repoussé, or wall hanging. As the fronds unfold, the intricacy of the pattern grows, but its beauty remains and suggests other applications for its graceful outlines, as, for instance, in the scrollwork of a wrought-iron panel or gate, or in embroidery. Apart, however, from the purposes of the designer, these bracken shoots have a wealth of intrinsic charm in colour and texture which well repays the casual wanderer to examine. A soft silvery down clothes and protects the tender substance from insect savages, glistening with an almost metallic lustre which is visible even in the photographs. With it mingles a growth of coarser texture, brown in colour, marking the axes of the stems, and tipping the frondlets with bronze.

The month of May and early June is the season to observe such details. Anon these transient forms will vanish, evolving into the sturdy but graceful fronds, in the profusion of which the eye detects but a feathery texture of interlacing greenery, beautiful still, if not so pregnant with possibilities for the designer, or pleasure for the mere admirer of Nature's handiwork.

W. S. ROGERS.



W. S. Rogers.

GRACEFUL EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

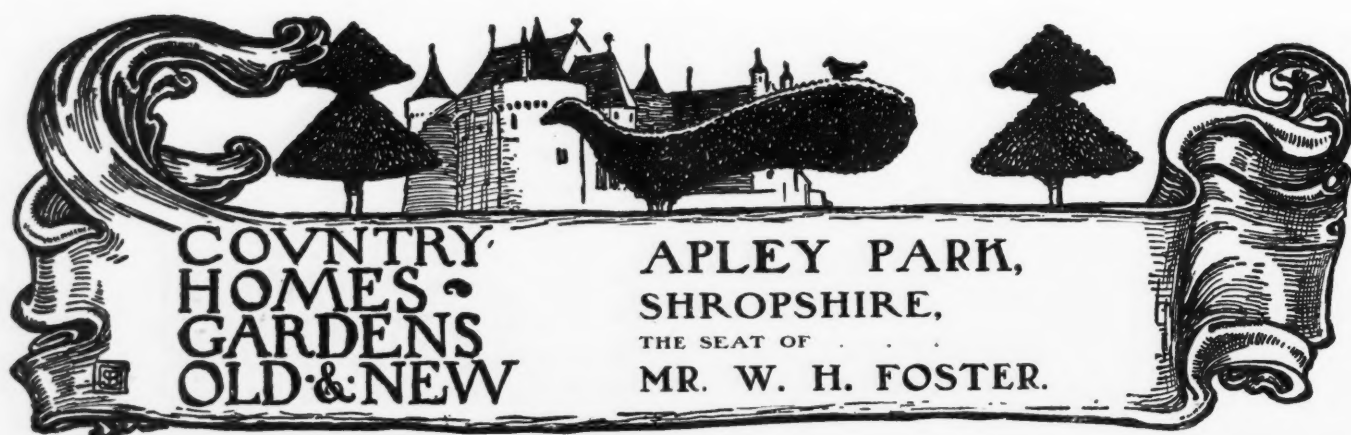
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M. Emil Frechon.

A MOTHER'S TENDER CARE.

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DOMESDAY BOOK has nothing within its covers of Apley Park on Severn water. It was a mere appurtenance of Higford or Hugford, which Godwin held in the Confessor's time, Berner coming after the Conquest to hold it under that great Baron, Roger de Lacy. When surnames began, those who followed Berner at Hugford took their name from their lands, and two centuries after the Great Survey we find Sir William of Hugford, a knight, holding as members of his manor of Hugford the townships of Norton, Apley and Astali, and keeping them in peace, since the Barons had long ago been broken at Evesham. So stout a Royalist was he that, when the poor King was a crowned captive in his enemies' hands at Hereford, the Barons, his gaolers, made him set his hand to an order that Sir William of Hugford, a Lord Marcher of his Welsh Border, should leave the land, so that England might have peace—that quality of peace demanded by the victors of Lewes. But Sir William and other March Lords did not budge for a few inches of sheepskin; and soon afterwards their King was his own master again in Shropshire and in all England. For more than 400 years these Hugfords held by Hugford and their other Shropshire lands, which passed at the last with a lass to a family whose longer endurance has made its name more familiar to us. Alice of Hugford, who became co-heir of her brother, was wife to a Warwickshire knight, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. We may guess that this was a marriage arranged for her according to the custom of great Feudal houses, for, when Sir Thomas died, his widowed lady grieved for him but eight weeks before giving her

hand to a squire of lower degree. The new lords of Hugford were knights of an old stock, deriving their home of Charlecote from a Walter of Charlecote, who, marrying with a daughter of the Lucys, gave their name to his descendants. Evesham field had found Fulk de Lucy, "who was a lover of good horses," reining his war-steed against the Hugfords' King; but Fulk, like many another who had risked all in the tugging between King and Barons, made his peace and died a loyal man. Such a family, with great possessions in several counties, brought together by well-chosen matches, could not but take a part in the Wars of the Two Roses; but it was a politic part. Though they were up for the White Rose of York, the turn of the tide did not leave them stranded, and the Tudor age found a Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote and Apley not only an officer of King Henry VIII.'s Court, but married to a daughter of that Richard Empson who had filled the royal coffers and swung on a gallows for his pains.

Grandson of Sir Thomas by Elizabeth Empson was another Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote and Apley. We know much of his doings. He lived nigh to seventy years, and rebuilt Charlecote Hall in red brick, a great **E** of buildings, honouring the Virgin Queen in its ground plan. Foxe of the "Book of Martyrs" gave him his first book-learning, and made him something of a puritan. He was a knight and a Parliament member for Warwick; he married a well-born shrew and begot a son and daughter, and when at the last he died, three heralds, with Master Camden at their head, came down from London to lay him in his alabaster tomb in Stratford church. But these



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THE FOUNTAIN STAIRS.

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THE CENTRE FOUNTAIN.

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IN THE CIRCULAR ROSE GARDEN.

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CYPRESSES AND THE SOUTH TERRACE.

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EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

things, or the like, belong to the history of any worshipful justice of the peace; yet Sir Thomas has been caught up and set among the stars as surely as ever was Orion's dog. He put on immortality the day he had before him a certain Stratford lad who had taken the wrong side of his deer park paling. For this is none other than Justice Shallow in the flesh—Justice Shallow, custos and rotulorum, Master Slender's cousin, whose ancient

coat bore those white laces which you may see to-day over Sir Thomas's tomb. To think that any herald's book of Warwickshire shows a score of knights living as his neighbours, and now all dead and forgotten, while Sir Thomas is deathless as Mr. Micawber or Captain Bunsby! Lucys bearing his name and his descendants on the distaff side live on at Charlecote to this day, but neither the old stock nor the new graft has borne such another.

It was not, we may take it, for lack of money that the Lucys sold away their Shropshire manor, in which Apley had long since displaced Hugford as the chief township, for they were still rounding up their Warwickshire lands. Apley, inconveniently far from Charlecote, became the seat of William Whitmore, the son of a London citizen by an alderman's daughter, and Sir William Whitmore, knight of Apley, was Sheriff of Shropshire in 1620.

And now the house of Apley comes into our history. When the Civil War came to Shropshire the county was divided against itself. Corbets

of Stanwardine and Corbets of Adderley were for the Parliament as hotly as Corbets of Moreton and Corbets of Humphreston were for the King. The Parliamentarians were Mytton of Halston, ancestor of mad Jack Mytton, and Clive of Styche, forefather of the conqueror of Plassey. Jones of Killendre signs a Shropshire name to the King's death warrant. But Whitmore and his sons at Apley were in good Shropshire company when



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FROM THE SOUTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

they declared for the King. Bridgnorth was filled with pikes and muskets early in the campaign. In October of 1642 Essex, after driving Prince Rupert of the Rhine out of Ludlow town and castle, arranged to billet ten regiments of horse and 6,000 foot on the Bridgnorth citizens, who were mustered with their old bows and pikes to hold their town against the Cavaliers. The next year Lord Capel was building earthworks there against Walla, and Apley Park was armed as one of five blockhouses to guard the Severn water-way. Happily we have a document before us which gives a picture of Apley Park in those drumming and trumpeting days. Nigh to forty years after the head was hacked from Arthur, Lord Capel, an old officer living in Warwick told my Lord's daughter, the Duchess of Beaufort, the story of that campaign on Severn. When the King came to Bridgnorth, his troops were quartered out of town at Sir William Whitmore's, a fair large house which would have given my Lord a good feather-bed, such as other lords lay on. But my Lord preferred to tumble in the straw with a hundred gentlemen lying in Sir William's barn, and when in the morning the King asked him how he had slept, "Very well," says my Lord, "for since I came with your Majesty from York, I never before met with a bed that was long enough for me."

The house at Apley was the scene of one of those sudden surprises common in this country-side warfare of Shropshire.



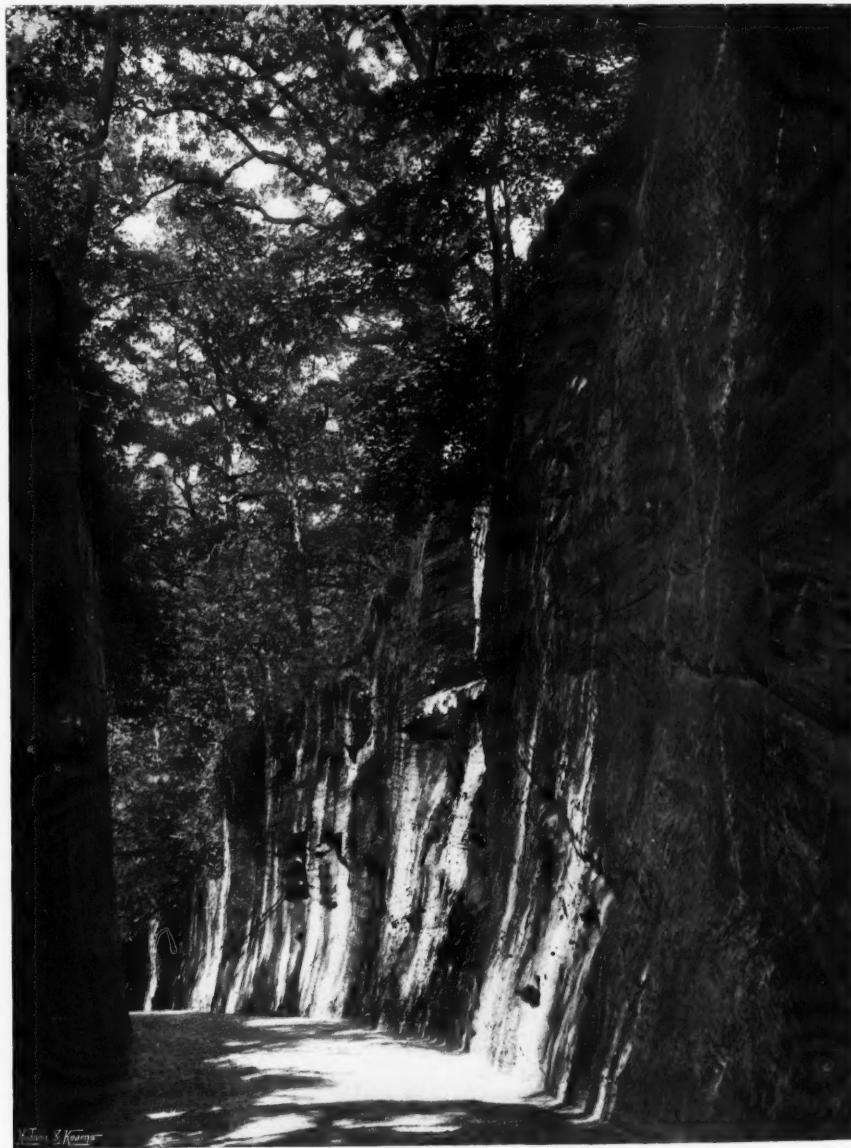
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THROUGH THE WOODS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Thus Mytton galloped a party of horse from Wem and took Sir William Vaughan, "The Devil of Shrawardine," on his knees in Shrawardine chancel. Sir John Price, governor of Montgomery, came down at Hinton on red-nosed Sir Francis Ottley, the sheriff, with a recruiting commission from the King, bringing back fifteen gentlemen to his castle. Another such flying column made its way secretly from Wem on a February day in 1645, and took Apley Park unawares, riding home with Sir William Whitmore, his son Sir Thomas and the Apley garrison of sixty men as prisoners of war. The war was over for the Whitmores of Apley; there remained but the bill to loot, and heavy composition money was paid over before Apley Park was their own again. The old knight did not long survive his capture, and it was his heir who laid down £5,000 before the Parliament's commissioners. His rich city kinsfolk could do little to help him in his evil day, seeing that old Sir George of Hackney, his uncle and an ex-Lord Mayor, was himself turning out his pockets and suffering imprisonments and duress for the good cause.

A baronetcy given to Thomas Whitmore, the eldest son of the house, died out with the grantee. The Whitmores of Apley remained Shropshire squires until they sold house and lands in the year 1867 to Mr. Orme Foster, whose son has since succeeded him as lord of the ancient manor which Berner held of Lacy and sole owner of all the land in Stockton parish. Long before they left Shropshire the Whitmores had made new the old home from which the Parliament's troopers had carried away the two Whitmore knights, and the present house was built by Mr. Thomas Whitmore in 1811. Such a noble domain should have a house worthy of it. Seen across the ford of Severn water, its battlements rising among tall trees on Apley hill, the house has a certain stateliness, a quality which made it beloved by the old school of landscape men who came to draw the beauties of Apley with soft pencils on tinted paper. Built solidly in Grinshill stone, a look at our view of the south-eastern front, where is the main entry under a battled gable decorated with three meaningless drain-pipe turrets, will show it for an unfortunate example of "the Gothick taste." A happier view of the house is that from the lower lawn above which the square tower stands sturdily, and in our picture of the fountain stairs trees and water come to aid



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THE CARRIAGE DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the uncompromising lines of the house. But this seat of Shropshire knights and squires is well named Apley Park rather than Apley Hall. Two hundred and fifty acres of timbered park hanging over the bend of Severn give it rare distinction. See how the carriage drive winds through greenwood shadows flecked with sunlight, and by a Titan's path hewn out between cliffs. All the grave beauty of the old

garden is here—smooth lawns haunted by yew and cypress, fountain pools bordered with green, secret rose gardens and broad walks by the long stone balustrade. The high terrace-way, two miles in length, where six carriages, it is said, might drive abreast, is unmatched, for looking from it the eye takes the view of Clee and the Wrekin and of Worcestershire fields and hills far to the south.

THE LEICESTER HOSPITAL AT WARWICK.

WHEN the fire of 1694 set a great part of Warwick town ablaze the Leicester Hospital escaped to be a monument at once of the old town of the Beauchamp earls and of the Elizabethan borough which Shakespeare knew. Warwick is a city on a rock. Out of the rock its cellars and church vaults are cut, and here, at the west end of High Street, the naked sandstone shows above the earth, a sure foundation for its builders. When Warwick was a walled town this was the western gate, and the way into the town ran through the vaulted passage that now joins the hospital wall. Here was the hall of two lay gilds of the townsmen—the gild of the Holy Trinity and Blessed Virgin and the gild of St. George—which once met here to sup in neighbourly fashion and to hear a mass for their dead brethren. With these departed townsmen the Trinity Gild, founded in 1383, was bound to remember Richard the King and his mother the Fair Dame of Kent, the Black Prince his father, and King Edward his grandfather, and likewise Thomas Beauchamp the earl and Margaret his wife, whose names were on the gild roll. Of the St. George's gild we know that it had a chantry for two priests, and that its mass was sung daily in the chapel over the Hanging Gate, afterwards called the West Gate. By the reign of Henry VI. the gilds had been made one, and the Dissolution found them with four priests in their brotherhood. Their west gate

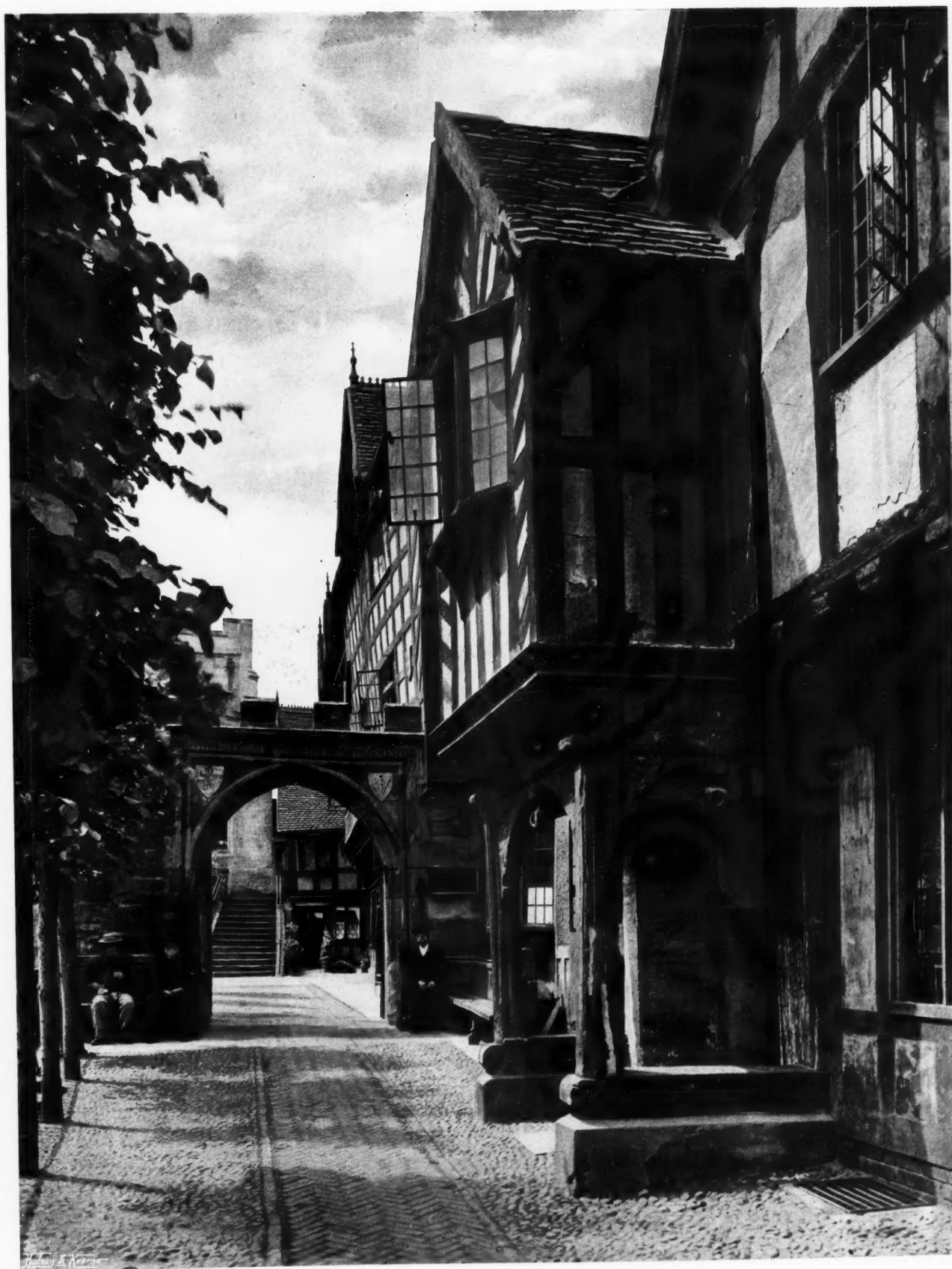
chapel of St. James had, in the twelfth century, been given to the new collegiate church of Warwick; but it had fallen into decay when Thomas, Earl of Warwick, who rebuilt the tower, gave it to the gild of St. George. Some time after the confraternities were dissolved under Henry VIII., the house and chapel of the united gilds were in the hands of the corporation of Warwick. Hall and chapel came to the uses of a noble charity by the act of a man so evil that this fancy of playing the pious founder in Warwick may perhaps be counted the sole item to his good in history's long account of him. Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester was son, grandson and brother of men who had died upon the Tower Hill scaffold. Edmund Dudley, the extortioner, had founded this branch of an old baronial house, for their birth was gentle, although Tudor gossips gave them a wandering carpenter for ancestor. The son of this subtle man ventured his fate until, risen to be the Duke of Northumberland, Earl of Warwick, Earl Marshal of England and the most powerful subject in the realm, he lost life and all in his bold attempt to make a queen of his daughter-in-law. Robert Dudley, the fifth of the Duke's seven sons, was bred in the new learning; but, with something of his grandfather's spirit, preferred the mathematics before Greek and Latin. A handsome lad, his father brought him early to court. Edward VI. was his companion, and when young Sir Robert Dudley made his ill-omened marriage at Sheen Palace with Amy



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THE CHAPEL STEPS.

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ON THE TERRACE.

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CORNER OF QUADRANGLE.

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THE FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL

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Robsart, the daughter of a Norfolk knight, the King writes in his diary that he was there as the chief witness. His married life began in Norfolk, where he was constable of the royal Castle of Rising, but the ambitious Duke soon brought him back to the Court, and Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Master of the Buckhounds were added to the offices of a young man whose father had all offices in his gift. He came of age about the time when the King's death brought Northumberland to his desperate venture, Robert Dudley's share being to proclaim Queen Jane at King's Lynn. Pleading guilty at the trial of the Dudleys, he had sentence of death, but his court interest and his youth saved him. A few months passed in the Tower and he had made his peace with the Queen, against whom he had arisen in arms, and as Master of the Ordnance in an English contingent he saw that fell battle of St. Quentin, where his younger brother Henry had his death wound. His religion, it would seem, sat upon him as an easily-shifted vesture, Rome, Canterbury and Geneva in turn finding him a courteous client.

When the bells rang for Queen Elizabeth Robert Dudley's star was mounting. He had found favour in her eyes long ago at her brother's court, and that favour he never lost. A Knight of the Garter, a Privy Councillor, Lieutenant of Windsor Castle and Forest, there was no mistaking his part at court, and within a year's space we have the Spanish Ambassador writing of him as the Queen's acknowledged lover and "the King that is to be." Of Dame Amy, travelling about her estates and solacing herself for his neglect with rich dresses and costly trinkets, no one spoke. Indeed, the last chapter of the history-book had shown that with a Tudor sovereign the marriage law might accommodate itself to the royal pleasure.

Sir Walter Scott has made it impossible for all but the most obstinate students to array with accuracy the events of the favourite's life in Warwickshire. Amy Robsart's end is no part of the true tale of Kenilworth. She was dead long before her lord acquired that noble castle, and she never lived to be Leicester's countess. What deed was done at Cumnor is still an evil uncertainty. All that we know is that Dame Amy Dudley in September of 1560 was at Cumnor Place, a house of which Anthony Forster, a gentleman in Dudley's service, had a lease.

A deserted wife, to whom the rumours from the court must have come at times, the story of Dudley's vaulting ambition and those scandals of a Queen's amours, for repeating which a Brentford gossip was in this very year sent to gaol, the first of many such. The Cumnor household, indeed, had heard her bewail her lot, praying God to deliver her from desperation. But Cumnor can have had no air of a murderous trap, and a party of well-born ladies were under its roof when, on a certain Sunday, she bade the servants go holiday-making to Abingdon fair. Mrs. Owen, the wife of the owner of the house, had dined with her, and other dames were playing with her at the tables, when she left them suddenly. She was never again seen alive, for the servants found her lying huddled at the hall stairfoot with a broken neck. Her foot may have slipped on the polished floor, but "grievous and dangerous muttering" arose when the news was put about. All men knew that the life of this poor lady stood in the path of an ambitious wretch capable of all wickedness. Inquest and enquiry were held by Dudley's own order, and the depositions of witnesses seem to make him clear of this guilt; but long afterwards when Cecil was making a table of the good reasons why Robert Dudley should never be King Consort, he set down that he was "infamed by the death of his wife."

In 1563 Dudley had his foot in Warwickshire, being granted the Royal Castle and Manor of Kenilworth, and the next year he was Earl of Leicester, his elder brother, Ambrose, having been already given the earldom of Warwick by a new creation. The castle is now an ivy-fretted ruin, but the tall windows of Leicester's magnificent buildings are still seen in their broken wall. Sixty thousand pounds he is said to have spent in making this place a worthy scene of the pageant given to his Queen in 1575, fifteen years after Amy Robsart was entombed. There was then, indeed, a secretly married spouse hidden in the background of his shifty life, Douglas, Lady Sheffield, the mother of the deeply wronged and half-disowned son. Three years later he had made another marriage in her lifetime, the Queen having at last repulsed her suitor with hard words of the gulf between sovereigns and their servants. Surely no founder had ever more need of the prayers of his almsfolk than this Earl, whose shield is on the Leicester



Hospital. The country had no good of him for all his great employments. He whispered with every party in religion, he plotted against his royal mistress and against her most honest councillors. In the high place of Governor of the United Provinces he made a poor defence against Parma, and left the Netherlands to count themselves well rid of the delicate English lord, whose best word for the little band fronting the might of Spain was "churls and tinkers." Parading a gilded corselet beside Elizabeth's bridle-rein when the danger of the Armada being past, she played her heroic act at Tilbury Fort, was more to Leicester's mind than risking life and limb before those Spanish musketeers who slew his noble nephew at Zutphen. After thirty years the subtle-minded Queen must have come to a knowledge of the worthlessness of the tall servant to whom she had given so much, yet his name was in an unsigned patent as Lieutenant-General of England and Ireland when he suddenly came by his end, taken with "a continual fever" at his house of Cornbury, where he had rested as a stage on his way to Kenilworth. The common people, who love notable judgments upon the wicked, soon put it about that the "continual fever" was poisoning from a cordial given by him to his wife for her faintness, and administered innocently by her when his sickness was upon him. Others believed that his wife put him out of her way that she might marry Christopher Blount, his handsome gentleman of the horse. Rumour at least insisted that Leicester died by poison, the right end for one whom all men believed a poisoner. Were not two hired poisoners in his household? Did not his second wife cry out that his drugs had made her hair and nails drop from her, the while he was making ready for a new marriage with a widow whose husband had been removed by the same arts? And how did Throgmorton and the Countess of Lennox and many a one more die suddenly when their deaths might profit him?

Such was the man to whom in 1571 the bailiff and burgesses conveyed "all that our house or hall called the Burgess Hall or the Gild Hall in Warwick with an orchard or garden and our chapel of St. James in the Westgate," where the Earl "of his charity and good disposition" was "to found us a hospital for the help and sustenance of poor folk," as appears by deed enrolled in the Black Book of Warwick. It is curious to note that the bailiff, whose name is here, was brother to Thomas Fisher, who had been paymaster of the forces which the Dudleys gathered for the Lady Jane Grey. A master and twelve brethren were to dwell in the house, the master being a priest and the brethren chosen first from the Warwick and Gloucester tenants and followers of the Earl and his heirs, especially those who should have followed their master in the wars; and, secondly, from the old soldiers of the Crown from five towns and villages each in rotation. From this last class are taken the twelve who now wear the blue broadcloth gown and the badge of the bear and ragged staff. Eleven of these silver badges are those first given out to Elizabethan veterans, the names of their original holders being graven on their backs. Eighty pounds by the year is now a brother's allowance out of the hospital rents, with his apartment in the house and use of the common kitchen. Of the masters, Thomas Cartwright, the Puritan, set here by the founder in 1586, is, perhaps, the most distinguished, a foe of the surplice, a wanderer to Antwerp and Geneva, whose imprisonment as a troublesome sectary took him for a while from Warwick.

The picturesque buildings of the hospital lie in a quadrangle, the brethren's chambers being to the south and west. Their chapel may be seen over the West Gate, with traces of many centuries in its stonework, the arms of Queen Victoria among the shields along the battlement indicating the last of its restorations. How much the hospital has suffered by the zeal of its patrons may be seen in our pictures, the bold lines of the old porch with the chamber over it being compared with some of the details of



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THE OLD GATEWAY: LOOKING OUTWARDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the inner court. The great hall, with its king post roof, beneath which James I. was banqueted by Sir Fulke Greville, has been dismantled and divided. Without doors, the timber-framed walls and barge-boarded gables make a brave show of the picturesque. Above the outer gate is a boldly-carved bear and ragged staff, the crest which the Dudleys took from the badge of their somewhat remote ancestors, the older Earls of Warwick, and in the courtyard this beast is repeated, facing the fretful porcupine of the Sidneys. The praise which has been given these carvings cannot be extended to the many painted shields of the arms and alliances of Dudleys and Sidneys which disfigure most of the walls with the most deplorable of Early Victorian heraldry. The removal of these should be the first command of the next of the hospital's restorers.

H. B.

FROM THE FARMS.

POTATO-GROWING.

VERY interesting article on this subject is contributed to the new number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture by Mr. William E. Bear. It is important because the writer has given most of his attention to those points concerning which there has been a good deal of controversy. In regard to seed, for instance, he tells us that "a great majority of trials has proved that large whole sets, as a rule, give the greatest yield." He adds that it has been proved in nearly all trials that "sets sprouted in boxes are much more productive than tubers kept in clamps through the winter in the usual way." In regard to seed potatoes from Scotland he considers these superior to those grown more than once in England, but adds, "There is not yet sufficient direct

evidence to confirm the common statement that a Scottish stock grown only once in the South is of equal value with seed obtained direct from Scotland." He must mean written evidence, because several experienced growers who have tried both have said that this point is settled beyond dispute, viz., that the seed grown once in England is the most profitable. In regard to varieties, he says, very sensibly, that these differ very greatly with localities, so that they are of little more than local value. He regards it as a definite conclusion about manures "that nearly a maximum crop can be grown with the use of about 20 tons of farmyard manure, and that the addition of artificial fertilisers to this heavy dressing, although it may increase the yield, hardly ever increases it sufficiently to prove remunerative; that at least as good a crop, as a rule, can be obtained by the use of half the large dressing of farmyard manure and a complete mixture of artificials containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, as by the application of the full quantity of the natural manure alone, and at less expense; that the omission of any one of the three classes of artificial manure almost invariably leads to a reduction in the yield of potatoes; that no quantities of artificials yet tried have proved of equal efficiency to the combination of natural and artificial manures, although the profit from the application of artificials alone has sometimes been the greater." It would have been advantageous if Mr. Bear had given an estimate of the cost of manuring, or an exact statement of what had actually been paid in one locality, as with the practical farmer it has come

sacs of the tracheal system and so interferes greatly with their function." The affected bees can move their legs freely, but do not seem to have energy to crawl about except in a very lethargic fashion. They cannot fly, but this is not due to paralysis of the wing muscles. "The death of the bees seems to be brought about finally by blood-poisoning, partly by the accumulation of toxins derived from the congested mass of waste material in the colon, and to some extent by the imperfect oxygenation of the tissues owing to the pressure exerted on the abdominal air sacs. The demand for nitrogenous food seems to be one of the most marked characters of the disease, but why the demand should arise is a question which it is not at present possible to answer."

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH so much has already been written about Wordsworth, Mr. Stopford Brooke has been able to contribute an interesting introduction to the handsomely bound and well-printed *Poems by William Wordsworth* (Methuen) which has just been issued. It might be called emphatically a "Lake Edition." It is illustrated by Mr. Edmund H. New, whose appreciation, cleverness and sympathy are beyond question, although we think that there is so much modesty in his work as to prevent its being given its due value. Admirable as they are, his illustrations lose something



S. E. Bottsmley.

A BELATED FAMILY.

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to be a question not what yields the absolutely bulkiest return, but what constitutes the most profitable method of manuring. Another conclusion that he considers fully established is that "a considerable number of trials have indicated that the quality of potatoes grown with artificial manures alone is superior to that of potatoes grown with the help of farmyard manure, and this may be regarded as the rule, to which varying circumstances afford exceptions." The problems which he regards as still awaiting solution are those of subsoiling, cross-ploughing, the maturity of the seed, potato scab and the use of lime. He adds a note referring to another experience that is well worthy of attention: "Another desirable experiment is the ploughing in of a green crop, such as white mustard, before potatoes are grown, as a substitute for farmyard manure. In my own experience this has proved highly advantageous, and where the manure named is scarce, a trial of the plan may be recommended. A fair crop of mustard can be grown if sown at any time before the end of August, and in some seasons a fortnight later, before it is necessary to plough the land up for the winter. Thus it can be produced after a crop of peas or second-early potatoes has been cleared off the ground, or even after wheat has harvested early."

A TROUBLESOME BEE DISEASE.

In the Isle of Wight bee-keepers have been distressed by a malady which seems to have broken out in the summer of 1904, and spread rapidly until at the present moment it is prevalent over nearly the whole of the island, and in many parts it is not possible to keep bees at all. Locally the disease is named paralysis, but M. A. D. Imms, who has reported on the subject for the Board of Agriculture, says the symptoms are not those of paralysis. He seems to hold that the disease is one of the digestive system, and might be described as distension of the hind intestine. "The colon and adjacent part of the rectum are enormously distended with a congested mass of material, consisting chiefly of pollen grains. The distended colon exerts pressure on the large abdominal air

of their impressiveness by their style and solemnness. But, on the other hand, they are the product of one who, in Mr. Brooke's words, has realised "that spiritual essence of the landscape and its parts which Wordsworth made the foundation of his poetry of nature." His complaint is that previous artists have been turned aside by the merely picturesque, and have drawn only what they thought pretty in church and cottage and village, and have not felt the profound sympathy with that simple life and those natural passions of the heart which the peasant, the "statesman" and the poor built into form in the humble dwellings where they lived their quiet life of work in love, and in the low-roofed churches where they enshrined their patient religion.

It was very appropriate that the introduction to precede a selection made under the circumstances described in the book should be mainly a discourse upon the influence of natural surroundings upon a poet. In the case of Wordsworth it was not possible to take up such a decided position as is invited, say, for example, by Tennyson. The poetry of the latter illustrates most vividly the saying of Browning, that circumstances are "machinery just meant to give the soul its bent." The low, dry, grassy wolds that lie to the north of Somersby, the green fields round the old Rectory, the softly-flowing brook, and the plantations in spring carpeted with snowdrops, even the flat, far-extending shore of the coast at Mablethorpe, took possession of Tennyson's mind in childhood and retained their influence until his dying day, supplying him with all that was best in his knowledge of Nature and with his most striking metaphors. He remained to the end the poet of the Happy Valley. Wordsworth's position in regard to the Lake District was different. He came to it later, and though he observed it in the first flush and plenitude of his strength, it remained observation only. The scenery had not that possession of his life and blood which Somersby had in regard to Tennyson. As a matter of fact, his genius was one that could assimilate the spirit of any landscape. He wrote nothing finer about the brooks

and fells of the Lake Country than he did about Westminster Bridge:

This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

This is not said, as need scarcely be asserted, in derogation of Wordsworth. On the contrary, the very highest poetry seems at all times to have risen superior to locality. There are abundant passages in Shakespeare illustrating, and beautifully illustrating, the influence exercised on his mind by the river Avon, and the low level fields through which it makes its way; but at his moments of highest inspiration he seems to pass away into a calm and tranquil land from which the memories of his youth and childhood are completely effaced. There is no local colour in

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.

There is no particular sea or coast in Ariel's song:

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.

In the famous dirge in "Cymbeline," where, perhaps, his poetry reaches its most exquisite and perfect expression, there is nothing of Warwickshire, nothing even of England. It is of the very dregs of human life that he sings when he says, "Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages." So, likewise, in such passages as "Jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," there is no reference to such small morsels of personal experience as we find in the well-known passage about "high uneven places" of Gloucestershire, of which, no doubt, he obtained a very thorough knowledge when on his father's business he travelled between Stratford-on-Avon and Cirencester, then the great wool market of England. So with Wordsworth, when he speaks of "the silence that is in the starry skies, the hope that is among the lonely hills" he has passed utterly beyond the bounds of geography. What he says has no special application whatever to the hills and dales by which he was surrounded, and even when he writes particularly on a certain place, as in the lines composed during a visit to Tintern Abbey, it is when he forgets the surroundings altogether that he is greatest as a poet. When

he asks "Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?" he has passed entirely from the particular to the universal, just as when he wrote of the Highland Girl:

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

These considerations render it much more difficult to set forth the exact connection between the personality of William Wordsworth and the environment in which it was developed. There is less in his childhood than there has been in that of some other great men. Mr. Stopford Brooke very properly points out that he had no real experience of what another poet has called "poorteth cauld." At his worst, he was supporting life on £80 a year, and this, perhaps, might have been taken for the embodiment of his own imaginary poet:

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

If we compare this with the description of one who had a real experience of poverty the difference will be apparent. Here is his description:

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.
There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeck,
The auld, clay biggin;
An' heard the re-tless rattons squeak
About the riggin

And it was poor consolation that he could also say:

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

If the machinery which gave the soul of Wordsworth its bent had included such poverty as Burns knew of, and such wild, passionate temptations as came to him, it is possible that his poetry would have been even greater than it was. It must at least have brought him into closer and more intimate touch with the fundamental facts of human life.

SHOOTING.

THE CHANCE FOR NON-MIGRATORY WOODCOCK.

THE more light we get on the ways of that rather singular bird, the woodcock, the more we seem to be in the dark about him. There was a time when we supposed that we knew virtually all there was to know. He bred, good bird (obeying all the rules), at the extreme northern limit of his migration, and when he had done this, away he went South again, along the routes laid down for him in the migration handbooks. Until relatively recent years, woodcock breeding in the British Islands at all were quite a rarity; but when they did begin to breed with us, in numbers which are still on the increase, according to the opinion of most qualified observers, the rule was still thought to hold good of them that the birds breeding here went off South, and that the birds which we met in the shooting season had bred further North and come to us thence. Then, in Northumberland, whether sceptical about the woodcock's strict adherence to this well-regulated conduct, or for whatever reason we do not know, people began to make experiment, fastening rings of identification on the legs of the young woodcock just out of the nest. The result was a startling discovery that all the birds breeding in Northumberland did not hurry South, as all the rules required them to do, when they had finished with their annual domestic work. Some were found dallying about their home ground, one was found to have moved considerably northward. It was upsetting conduct on part of the woodcock.

This is a question which is not only interesting from the naturalist's standpoint, who is anxious to know all there is to be known about this as about other birds; it has a practical side, too, for the sportsman. The woodcock is undoubtedly changing its habits a good deal, breeding with us more and more. The practical point in the matter is touched as soon as we begin to consider whether it is possible to establish a breed of woodcock which shall be either non-migratory altogether or shall at least confine its movements within the bounds of our islands. It

does not seem altogether impossible, and the best means of encouraging the bird to become thus less nomadic ought to be a subject of interest to all County Councils, Game Protection Associations, and the like legislative and other bodies which have any influence in the matter at all. The Irish Game Protection Association, which is doing good work of the kind which its name indicates, in the face of much apathy and some hostility, gave expression, at its last annual meeting, to the view that it was desirable that Irish woodcock should be protected by a close time in February, because the birds had generally paired at that time. Probably the normal date of pairing varies a little in different counties in Ireland. Taking the opinion of a very well qualified naturalist and sportsman who is acquainted with the ways of woodcock in County Fermanagh, his view seems to be that the woodcock vary so much in date of pairing according to the temperature that it is impossible to fix it, but he suggests, nevertheless, that it would be a very good thing if the birds could be protected from about the middle of February or a day or two earlier. In a cold spring, he says, cock in that part of Ireland will not pair until well into March, as was the case this year; but, on the other hand, in an early and warm spring birds are occasionally seen in pairs right back in the beginning of February.

Generally speaking, throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the custom seems to be for the woodcock which breed here to shift their quarters about September, and perhaps the probability is that most of the birds go right away South. On the other hand, there is very good evidence that some of the birds that breed in Great Britain do not leave the islands at all, and there is proof that in some parts a certain number of the home-breds do not leave the wood in which they were hatched out. Sir Douglas Brooke, writing from Ireland, speaks with the greatest emphasis and certainty on the point, and other equally good observers make a like report from other parts of our islands. These birds, therefore, are stay-at-home woodcock; the position seems to be much as it is with song-thrushes and many other kinds of birds

in Great Britain, that some of them are migratory and that some are stationary; only, with the song-thrushes, the majority are probably stationary with us, the minority migratory; in the case of the woodcocks the proportions are reversed. It is, of course, perfectly well known that the tendency of birds of the same species to migrate varies with the latitude. Thus, our own familiar robin is migratory in some parts of the world.

If, then, we could protect these woodcock which are content to stay with us, while shooting the others which are migratory, there might be a good hope of establishing in time a race of non-migratory woodcock, which would be a fine addition to the game stock of this country. But how is that to be done, how is the subtle distinction to be drawn? There is no practical means of distinguishing the birds on the wing. Education of the opinion of owners of woodcock coverts might do something, by inducing them to spare, for a few seasons, coverts in which home-bred birds are known to stay. But how many such coverts are there? How many of those who shoot the woodcock take any intelligent interest in his habits at all? Perhaps the first and best thing to do would be to educate people, if possible, to such an interest; the second thing, perhaps, would be to do more and more marking, for identification, of the young woodcock, so that we may get a clearer knowledge both of the coverts in which woodcock are content to abide and of many other matters still rather obscure concerning them. Again, there is the means, which might effect something, of making a close time for cock right on till the end of October, which would mean that there would be no cock legally killed till the flight arrived from the North, and that opportunity would be given to note what proportion of the birds were inclined to remain in the country if given undisturbed possession. Would shooters, for the sake of a distant and problematic gain, consent to such restrictions? It is very much to be doubted. Even a close time from, say, February 12th meets with much opposition, though this, especially for Ireland, there seems some hope of carrying.

LATE WOODCOCK IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

IN close connection with the above subject it may be noted that woodcock are sometimes found in comparatively large numbers in coverts on the East Coast at a very late date in the shooting season, whereas a few weeks, or even a few days, previously there would be virtually none there. We have received a letter lately from a correspondent telling us of a farmers' shoot in one of Lord Rendlesham's woods on the East Suffolk Coast right at the end of January. They killed twenty-five woodcock. Now, farmers as a rule are not very good shots at flying objects, especially such elusive flying objects as woodcock. Generally they are better at "fur." At all events, we shall probably not be going far amiss if we infer from the actual bagging of twenty-five cock that there were at least fifty seen. Only a few days previously there had been a late shoot, to finish up the cock pheasants and

so on, of a good team of guns, including one or two of the best shots in England, in the same coverts, and the bag of woodcock on that day had been seven. Shall we take these seven as indicating the presence of a round dozen? On that estimate we find that at least forty-five cock must have come into these coverts (for we cannot count the seven dead out of the lot found in the earlier day—we can at most count the five survivors—among the fifty of the later day) between the date of the one shoot and the other. The inference seems irresistible that these were birds on their eastward migration, birds intending to breed in Northern Continental Europe, which had dropped in here as a resting-place before crossing the sea—perhaps awaiting the favouring wind. Taking in connection with this what Sir Douglas Brooke says about the sex of the birds which he shot, it would have been interesting if a record had been kept of the sex of the twenty-five thus shot in this East Coast covert so late in the season, and also a record of their apparent age. But this was not, as it seems, done, nor is it to be supposed that it would be done. It is quite certain, however, that the sportsman, as a rule, is becoming a much more intelligent being than he used to be, is taking an increasing interest in the life-story of the beasts and birds that he shoots, and observing them more and more, and it is to be hoped that records of the kind will be entered in game-books more and more frequently. In their sum total they would make a very great addition to our knowledge, if it is to be called by so big a name as knowledge. Encouragement of keepers, who have unequalled opportunities as field naturalists, to take a similar interest and keep similar records would be an invaluable aid to dispelling our ignorance on many points of the life-history of animals; and the more the keeper knows about the things he has to "keep" the less likely he may be supposed to be to lose them. The worst keeper in the world and the most ignorant is he who imagines that he has nothing left to learn.

YOUNG RABBITS DROWNED.

Whether for good or for ill, according to the point of view which is taken of them, there can be little doubt that a very large number of young rabbits must have been drowned in their nests in the recent floods which have been the result of showers so repeated as to be almost continuous downpours of thundery rain. No doubt the rains have been rather local, and no doubt the drowning of the young rabbits is rather a local affair, too, restricted to the heavier soils chiefly. Where the rain can soak away through a light porous soil, such as rabbits really love best, they will not have suffered much. The difference which the nature of the soil makes in the inconvenience endured by the rabbits in their burrows is well shown by the fact that in a land of heavy soil they will be out for days after heavy rains rather than return to water-logged dwellings. Where the soil is light they will be back in their burrows directly, if they ever leave them, and this is one of the reasons why they are more difficult to kill down in a country of light soil. Over a large part of the Midlands rain is said to have been continuous, and very heavy, for fifteen hours, and this cannot fail to have killed great numbers of young rabbits, as well as doing great injury to the crops. Luckily it has come before any but a very exceptional few of the young partridges have hatched out; in fact, partridges are reported to be rather backward with their nesting work. Pheasants seem to have laid very well and freely in most parts of the country.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

ON THE GREEN.



G. Vachell.

BURNING THE GORSE FOR THE NEW HOLES.

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GOLF IN THE NEW FOREST.

WHEN golf was first started at Bramshaw, in the New Forest, about fifteen or sixteen years ago, the players numbered two—myself and Admiral Aitchison. The Admiral was most enthusiastic, although he had only just begun the game; and he gave me a set of clubs as a Christmas present. I was made to play, though at that time I thought it the most stupid game I had ever taken a share in. Our course at that time consisted of five holes, one of which had to be played twice over. The so-called greens had hardly known a roller, the course was

sousing wet, with no drains; in fact, the whole place was as unlike a golf course as it well could be. Now matters are very different, though up to the present time we have had to be content with nine holes. By draining and other improvements the course has become, if not "the best inland course in England," at all events a good sporting one, and as a well-known golfing statesman said after playing here, it must be admitted that it equals if not surpasses any other in beauty. The wildness and beauty of the course and its surroundings will appeal to everyone at all susceptible to natural beauty, and who is not? It is no doubt the cause of its being a favourite resort in the neighbourhood.



G. Vachell.

A PART OF THE COURSE.

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The hazards are almost without exception natural ones, which, in my opinion, adds much to the enjoyment of golf. With all due deference to the usual suburban or inland course, the game never appeals to the senses in the same way that a really nice seaside links does. In this I think most golfers will agree with me.

The old Saxon name for the forest is "Ytene," or a furzy waste, and it has not altered its characteristics. In fact, the small acknowledgment we pay to the Crown is under the heading of "Playing golf on part of the New Forest called Burnt Furzen"; the local interpretation is "fuzzen." Lately it has justified its name, for in making an extra nine holes we have burnt a great part of the course after cutting the gorse in order to get rid of the old tussocks of rank grass, and to induce the young grass to take its place. In the forest, when Crown and commoners can agree, a certain amount of the open ground is annually burnt for the same reason. In most cases the new greens have had to be laid down afresh, and the trouble in the beginning is to keep the cattle off them. Anything strange or new always attracts their attention, with the result that they "poach" the newly-laid turves a good deal, a process which leads to some golfing language on our part. It is, however, only for a time, and afterwards the animals are friendly enough, as the new young grass, sweetened by draining and burning, draws them on to the course, and they are quite willing to do their part in keeping the new growth down. One of the photographs was taken when we were burning the course to the new ninth hole, and though at the time (March) it looked black and disfigured, in a few months the aspect will be very much altered.



G. Vachell.

THE VIEW FROM THE FIRST TEE.

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One of the natural hazards already mentioned we have made the most of. It is a big stream which the course of time has widened into channels and deep ravines. The largest stream, euphoniously termed by the natives "King's Garn Gutier," has many little tributaries flowing into it, making the prettiest approaches to the green that could be wished for; in fact, there is no part of the course which in point of beauty does not lend itself to the eye.

The headquarters of the New Forest Golf Club are at Lyndhurst, where the course has also been extended to eighteen holes, or, rather, renewed. When golf was first started there, the nine holes were situated on what is known as the Race-course. This was covered with short heather, and gradually fell out of favour, and nine holes round the cricket ground were used instead. Now people have become more exacting, and are no longer contented with nine holes only; so some of the original holes have been brought into use again, with the addition of one or two new ones. Lyndhurst is easily got at, as it is not more than about two miles from the railway station, and in Lyndhurst itself

there is plenty of accommodation for intending visitors. Bramshaw, five miles from Lyndhurst, is further from civilisation, but that would not keep keen golfers away; and Southampton, ten miles off, contributes a considerable quota of regular visitors.

Deer at present are supposed to be non-existent in the eyes of officialdom, but they are often to be seen crossing Burnt Furzen either singly or in small herds. When not pursued by the hounds, they are a welcome sight even to golfers, and lend additional beauty to the scene; but when hunted it is wonderful what an amount of damage can be done to the course by the

horses in soft weather. Not so many years ago the deer were really numerous in the forest. An old man who worked for me could remember herds of several hundreds in number feeding where we now play golf. There were few foresters of his class who had not, as he had, spent three months in Winchester Gaol for deer-stealing. Most of the forest carts had double bottoms, and various and ingenious were the means resorted to so as to hide the carcase from the forest keepers. One particularly clever offender used to hide it under his hearthstone, and when the bloodhounds arrived on its track they would give a sneeze or two and depart from the house. He had strewn pepper in the cracks of the hearthstone, effectually turning the hounds from their purpose. Another poacher had a double cider-cask, and he would refresh the keepers out of one end while the carcase of the deer lay safely concealed in the other. It was years before this device was discovered.

The photograph of burning gorse speaks for itself. Dense clumps of thicket and trees with bare boughs lie waiting, within an iron shot of the eleventh hole, for any player who strays too wildly from the course. The photographs of the course have been taken by Mr. Guy Vachell.

P. A. CH. DE CRESPIGNY.

SOUTHERN PROFESSIONALS' MEETING.

LAST year the Southern section of the Professional Golfers' Association held its annual two-round scoring competition for the Tooting Bec Challenge Cup at Ashford Manor, and a surprise was caused by W. R. Lonie, the Warrington professional, winning, with W. E. Reid as runner-up. This year it can hardly be said that the issue of the competition was sufficiently novel to cause immense astonishment, James Braid being victor by no less than three strokes and Taylor second. Gaulin, at third place, is to be congratulated on getting his nose into such good company, with Jack White and Harry Vardon attending on him. It is good to see White thus on a strong game again. Harry Vardon might have been expected to do better, as the competition was at Totteridge, his own green, but perhaps he was troubled about many things, and they say that the fine condition of the green well repaid his trouble. Taylor's two rounds were queer—an 83, very indifferent for him, and then a tremendous 71. In the competition for the Leeds Cup of the Northern section of the same professional association, E. Ray was winner, with W.

spite of their well-appreciated merits, that one rubber-cored ball varies more from another in the glory of its resiliency and other valuable qualities than the gutta-percha balls of the same make used to vary. The test of resiliency, which the amateur is apt to look on as decisive, goes for much, but it is a mistake to suppose that it goes for everything. By the test of dropping from a height on a stone floor or pavement, which is the most common mode of trial, a solid gutta-percha may be found, to the confusion of all tongues, to jump higher than the rubber-cored kinds; yet we know



G. Vachell.

THE THIRD GREEN AT DUSK.

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that we prefer the rubber-cores for playing the game. So it is evident that as a final test this jumping must be taken with some reserve. Nevertheless, it is certain that, on the whole, a ball with a good jump is to be preferred before one with a low jumping power. I am not so certain about the quickness of jump; am rather inclined to think that this extra quick resiliency implies the kind of ball which jumps away rather too eagerly from the putter and is kicked aside by every morsel of a foreign body which it encounters on what ought to be its way into the hole. The height of the jump is, perhaps, a better criterion than the quickness of the start. There is, however, another indication, not nearly so well recognised, which is given by this dropping of the balls on a hard surface.

It is an indication to be appreciated by the ear rather than the eye. The good ball will sound solid, as compared with the hollow kind of sound which a less good ball will give when thus tested. I take it that the meaning of the difference is that in the solid-sounding ball the rubber is firm on the kernel, and, again, that the coat of gutta-percha is firm down on the rubber, so that the whole forms really a solid body. In case of the hollow-sounding ball, it seems possible that this solidity is not obtained, but that there are gaps, hollows, loosenesses in the wrapping or the attachments which cause it to give this different sound. The best proof of the pudding being in the eating, however, the most important fact is that in actual play the solid-sounding balls do seem to fly better, and also to keep their form better, than those which give the hollow. They give a more solid and reliable substance to hit with more constant results.

H. G. H.



G. Vachell.

THE HOME OF MANY A LOST BALL.

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Toogood second. But in this section the play is not so red-hot as in the sultry South, in which lie the home coverts of the "triumvirate."

TESTING BALLS BY SOUND.

Among many problems which American ingenuity has set us by the invention of the rubber-cored balls (may one speak thus of them without incurring the guilt of contempt of Court, since our own Courts have pronounced that there is no novelty of invention!) is that of selecting the best, not only out of the different kinds—the best species, so to speak—but also the best specimens of each kind; for there is no doubt whatever, in

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

EARLY NESTING OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the snow and frost of early March, the eagles have hatched out their young at an early date this spring. On April

28th I visited an eyrie built on the ledge of a cliff some 30ft. in height, and found one eaglet hatched out, while the other had made a small hole through the shell preparatory to so doing. Although one would have imagined that the mother bird would have sat closely at this time, this was not the case, for she soared off while we were yet 100yds. from her at least. The day was cold and stormy, with occasional sleet showers from the north, and, as the young eagle was clling loudly, we made off as soon as possible. In the eyrie was, strange to say, a squirrel, and, I think, for that reason alone the bird has some claim to protection, as the squirrel does an immense amount of damage in the pine forests, and in many places a reward of 6d. per tail is

paid to keepers and watchers. The eyrie in which the golden eagle is this year nesting is one which has not been used for some years. In 1904 it was repaired, and everything seemed to be ready to receive the eggs, but, whether the nest was robbed, or the hen shot, the eyrie was unoccupied that year. Next spring they made a new eyrie on a pine tree about a mile from the former one, and reared their young in safety. The severe snow in the early part of 1906 broke down the latter eyrie, however, and the eagles then constructed a fresh one on a ledge of rock a few hundred yards from the tree. Here also they reared at least one bird, which I saw leave the nest early in July. Apparently, however, the latter site was found unsatisfactory, so now the birds have returned to the old eyrie, and will, I hope, rear their young without mishap.

THE EAGLE AT HOME.

On May 6th a friend and I again visited the eyrie to secure some photographs of the young birds at home. The day was dull, with a strong south-east wind, and instead of climbing straight up the face of the hill towards the nest, we made a detour, and came down upon the cliff from the summit. As the wind was blowing strongly against us, the eagle heard nothing to disturb her, and on peering over the edge of the cliff we had a splendid view of her at a distance of not more than 10ft. The strong breeze was ruffling the feathers on her neck, and she was constantly looking from side to side, as if she felt rather uneasy about something. Suddenly on looking up she caught sight of the human intruders so near her stronghold, and, launching herself into the air, she sailed off with wings outstretched. As she soared away we were struck by her tawny colour, which on this occasion almost justified the term golden, although, as a rule, when seen on the wing the eagle appears very dark. The young had grown considerably during the eight days, and in the eyrie were two grouse for their hungry appetites. The setting up and focussing of the camera was a most difficult undertaking, and the nest was, to a certain extent, hidden by the ledge above; on this ledge the camera had to be firmly held while the focussing was going on, otherwise it would speedily have gone to the bottom of the cliff. Even as it was, focussing was no easy matter, as I had to lean forward, with only a scanty foothold, on a narrow ledge of grass, which threatened every moment to give way. The eaglets did not seem to mind our intrusion in the least, and were most amusing, one every now and again sitting up and scratching his head in a most comical fashion. Once or twice we caught sight of the old bird soaring at a great height; but not once did she come at all near, and although in many works it is stated that the eagle will attack anyone venturing to disturb her young, I have never once known this to be the case. Near the eyrie we saw the remains of a blackcock which had fallen to the eagle, and a large bunch of his tail feathers lying on

the ground pointed to there having been a severe struggle, or else to the eagle having plucked them out on the spot. From the eyrie a grand view was obtained of the Cairngorm Mountains some twenty miles distant, and Ben Muich Dhui had as yet an unbroken coating of deep snow, which in the distance appeared a rich cream colour. A strong rope tied to the heather above brought us up safely to the top of the rock once more, and as we were homeward bound I saw the eagle, who had been soaring near the nest, suddenly swoop down upon it at lightning speed. In order to have the young hatched out by April 28th the eagle must have been sitting fairly early in March, which shows how little these birds are influenced by fair or foul weather in their nesting, as in March there were heavy frost and snow. On the last day of March, when on the Cairngorms, I saw a pair of eagles busy at their eyrie at a height of close on 4,000ft. above sea-level, although the snow had not as yet disappeared from the precipice where they nested. Truly the king of birds bids defiance to the weather! A pair of eagles in a neighbouring forest have been less fortunate lately in their domestic affairs than the two latter pairs, and in 1905 and 1906 had their eggs taken in some mysterious way. Last year one egg was taken before the other, which I found lying in the eyrie broken into very small chips indeed, so from this it would appear that collectors were not to blame for these depredations. This year the eagles have evidently gone to a new situation, as none of the three old eyries is tenanted, and let us hope they will have better luck.

THE SONG OF THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

One of the earliest of our birds to commence his song, the stormcock, as he is often called, has perhaps the wildest and most ringing song of any of our British songsters. This year I heard him for the first time on February 25th, and his song, I think, is at its best during April. At the date of writing (May 14th) he is apparently not in such high spirits, and after the end of the month his song will no more be heard in the Highlands. I have noticed that, as a general rule, the missel-thrush sings more during the day than the mavis, and less at night, and in one district the birds seem very irregular in their song. During the last days of February and the beginning of March the cock is in full song, but in two seasons, 1905 and 1907, I hardly ever heard him later, while in 1906 he sang constantly in April from morning till night. In this district the bird is comparatively rare, so that possibly the male bird has not so much incentive to sing against rivals. The missel-thrush often sings on the wing, but prefers as a perch the topmost branch of a fir or birch tree, where he is monarch of all he surveys. Without practice, it is difficult to distinguish his song from that of the blackbird, but the latter bird lacks the loud definite ring of the stormcock, who utters a few clear notes, and pauses abruptly before repeating them. SETON P. GORDON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EAR OF THE WOODCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Though many would have us believe that nothing new is now to be discovered with regard to our commoner British birds, this is by no means the case. Only recently I had the pleasure of describing in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE the peculiar and hitherto-undescribed crushing pads which are to be found in the jaws of the common hawfinch. I have now to announce a no less interesting discovery which has just been made by my friend Mr. C. W. Whympere. This concerns the position of the opening of the ear in the woodcock, which, as Mr. Whympere points out to me, is placed in front of the eye. In the snipe, it will be remembered, it opens beneath the eye, but in all other birds behind this organ. This curious shifting forward of the aperture is due, apparently, to the shortening of the base-cranial axis of the skull—the floor of the brain-case, in short. What, however, are the factors which have brought about this shortening we do not know; but I hope to be able to make some suggestions on this head later, when I have completed the investigations which, at Mr. Whympere's request, I have promised to undertake. Further, this extremely curious position of the ears in the woodcock shows a certain amount of asymmetry, I find. That is to say, if the two sides of the head of any particular bird be examined, it will be found that the right and left apertures differ not only in shape, but also in the degree of this shifting, though this asymmetry is by no means so striking as is the asymmetry to be observed in the ears of owls.—W. P. PYCRAFT, Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

THE ROOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In regard to the correspondence going on in your paper regarding rooks, Professor Hollarung has published a series of observations extending over eleven years in "The Rook," an abstract of which appeared in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. He examined 4,030 rooks, but I could not tell you if in different counties or if confined to one particular county. Although the rook must be regarded as an omnivorous animal, some few being carnivorous, the benefit they confer on the farmer by devouring large quantities of noxious insects must overbalance any harm they do, as is proved by over 43,000 noxious insects being found in the rooks examined by Professor Hollarung. I conclude it would be impossible to destroy such large quantities of small noxious insects, such as the wireworm, without touching grain, potatoes, etc. Professor Hollarung gives two tables, one showing grain and potatoes, the other showing noxious insects. The grain and potatoes are 42,000, which are balanced by over 43,000 noxious insects during the same time, which fact plainly proves they are not only after the corn, etc., as commonly supposed. As another instance, a farmer signing himself "Airmyn" (Berks) in the Field of May 4th states that he has three rookeries on his 300-acre farm, and has not found the rooks take his chickens, and having shot eighty brace of partridges does not consider them harmful to game or anything, except

fresh seeded corn. There always have been, and will I suppose continue to be, controversies as to the good or otherwise of birds in a garden and farm; but I consider Professor Hollarung's a severe test, and anyone taking the trouble to observe the habits of birds must agree the good they do well overbalances the harm. My late home in Devon had two rookeries, and the land (150 acres) was let off. I never heard any complaints as to damage done by rooks. Personally, I feed and encourage all birds in my garden and on my land. My fruit, vegetables, etc., are as good as my neighbour's, and my garden is free from slugs and caterpillars. I trust you will find these few remarks in favour of birds interesting enough to put in your paper, which I have taken since it first came out as *Racing Illustrated*.—T. S. H.

HEATH PATHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very grateful for any hints as to how to make a heath path. I am making a garden on a sandy hill in the Midlands, and turf paths are out of the question. Could you refer me to any book helpful for a sandy garden to tell one what trees and plants are worth planting?—H. A. D.

[In planting ground a turf of heath (*Calluna vulgaris*) is quite satisfactory. When established it should be mown once a year in October after flowering. But patience is needed for the making of such turf. In heathy places, where *Calluna* and *Erica* grow spontaneously, the ground is cleared of old heath, dug over, and any roots of bracken removed. It is then rolled and left to itself. By the third year the heath forms a dense carpet of young growth. On sandy ground, where heath is not indigenous, the paths would have to be prepared with a top surface of 6in. of pure heath soil. We do not understand why you consider that "turf paths are out of the question." There are fine-leaved grasses, *Festuca rubra* and others, such as grow naturally in the poorest ground, that make a beautiful turf on soil that is almost pure sand. These are well known to the best seed firms. We advise you to consult "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens" (Newnes).—ED.]

FLIES IN A HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is it possible for anyone through your valuable paper to tell me of any method of getting rid of flies in a country house? Is there anything we could put out in the rooms the smell of which they dislike? Our rooms are greatly troubled with them. We keep everything as clean as we can, and there is no dust heap of any kind near the house. There is a river below, and a good deal of ivy on the house. I do not know if this might increase them, but should be truly thankful for any suggestions as to how to get rid of them.—S. C. BLAKE.

[There is, as far as we know, no way of keeping flies permanently out of a house, except by the use of screens at each door and window, such as are used in mosquito countries. Other remedies are temporary, partial or more or less objectionable to human inhabitants. A good deal



may be done by keeping the rooms as dark as possible when not in use, with one small exit to the light. There is a tradition that flies avoid rooms in which the scented-leaved geranium is kept, and we know one household which ascribes its immunity from them to the lavish use of these plants in window-boxes and about the rooms. But we are not prepared to vouch for this as a sure preventive.—Ed.]

LEVER WELL IN SUFFOLK

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Now that our English villages are being rapidly improved (!) out of

all picturesqueness, many quaint, old-world domestic contrivances are being done away with, and the common objects seen during this year's holiday may prove almost forgotten the next. The photograph enclosed is of a lever well, a rapidly disappearing type. This is the only one, we believe, in the district in which it was taken (around Wickham Market in Suffolk). The working of this well is not nearly as hard as it looks.—L. A. S.

MORTALITY AMONG HOUSE-MARTINS LAST SEASON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—When last year's numerous house-martins' nests were removed this spring (March) for house-painting, we found each one contained—in various stages of development more or less—dead young birds, and one nest held the poor little hen dead on her five eggs. Can anyone suggest the cause of this wholesale loss of life, and has it been noticed elsewhere?—RYE.

WOMEN AS GARDENERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have followed somewhat tardily, having been away from home, the correspondence on the above subject between Miss Turner of Glynde School, Pomona and Vir. I confess I think Miss Turner cannot sustain the statement made in her first letter that "the work on the five acres of agricultural land brought into cultivation was done entirely by the pupils," as in her last letter she admits that men's work has been necessary. It makes one rather sad to think that an educated woman should be reduced to do the work suitable to a rough uneducated man, losing as she must all feminine grace and charm, and also the vantage ground her education ought to have given her over him. I can scarcely think that any except a girl without any intellectual faculties, and consequently one who could not rise to any position requiring mental gifts, would choose such a career. In other words, I cannot think that anyone not a complete failure as a woman could adopt such a career.—CHERRY TREE.

THE PURITY OF CIDER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—There is one passage in the letter of "B. V." in your issue of the 4th inst., to which my attention has just been drawn, that calls for some comment. "B. V." says: "The great drawback to the spread of cider drinking in this country is the desire for sweet cider, which it is hardly too much to say is never

as healthy stuff to drink as the dry." Cider or any other liquor artificially sweetened, and as is too often the case, dosed with preservatives, is of course unwholesome, but my own experience (and until I took to cider and perry as my staple drinks I was subject to frequent attacks of gout) is that a certain proportion of the natural sweetness found in all apples and pears that yield the primest cider and perry is not merely not harmful but positively beneficial. There is, I know, in the present day what I venture to term a craze for "dry" liquors of all kinds. Dry ciders and perries can be produced without difficulty; but always, in my opinion, at some sacrifice of what to my mind is their chief attraction from a palatable point of view, namely, their flavour.—C. W. RADCLIFFE COOKE.

A SWARM OF BEES IN MAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

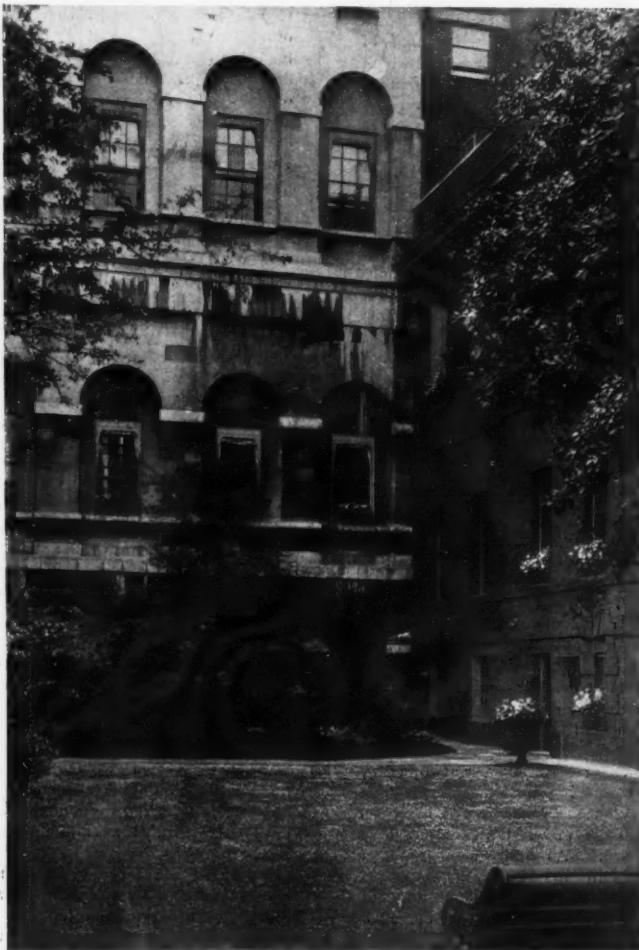
SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a swarm of bees taken by myself on Friday, the 10th inst., in the hope that you will think it of sufficient interest for reproduction in your valuable paper.—J. C. PHILLIPS, Berkhamstead.

OLD ROYAL COCKPIT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As No. 10, Downing Street represents to most modern ears little but Cabinet Councils and official receptions, it may interest your readers to know that the old garden, of which I enclose a photograph, at the back of the house is, according to some authorities, the site of the ancient royal cockpit, a cockpit said, moreover, to be the first of which there is any record.

The original cockpit of Whitehall Palace was built, according to Stow, by Henry VIII. "out of certain old tenements." Later on the term "Cockpit" evidently came to be applied to a suite of apartments in the vicinity of the Palace, for we find Oliver Cromwell occupying the "Cock-



pit apartments" in 1649; and later, Pepys speaks of Lord Dorset's intentions as to "getting another place at the Cockpit." In a number of the *London Gazette* issued in 1670 occurs this entry: "Dyed at his apartment in the Cockpit, his Grace George, Duke of Albemarle"; and as late as 1752 the old name was in use, some of Horace Walpole's letters being dated thence in that year, and in 1748, oddly enough, the same building and site must have been used for the meetings of the Privy Council, for we have some of the minutes of that august body relating to the duel of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, a duel immortalised in "Esmond," dated at the Cockpit, November 18th, 1712. According to Timbs the Whitehall Cockpit was altered into the Privy Council Office after the fire of 1697. We know that Van Dyck painted this royal cockpit as it existed in the reign of Charles I. The picture represented two cocks fighting and a large assemblage of courtiers watching the match. The old pit must have been fully used in the previous reign if it was the scene of all the royal cocking, as it is on record that James I. "constantly amused himself with cock fighting twice a week." And in 1632 we find one Sir Henry Brown appointed Cockmaster General; *ad officium prefecti gallarum pugnantium*, with a salary of £20 per annum! According to a recent writer on Whitehall the actual site of the royal pit was that now occupied by the Privy Council Office; whether his authority or that which places the arena of so many Homeric battles in the now peaceful old garden be the more accurate, there is no doubt of the former importance of the cockpit in the old palace of Whitehall.—G. M. G.